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JUNE 14, 1966

—SEE PAGE 568

bby Kennedy for King

NATIONAL REVIEW

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THOMAS SZASZ

Also In This Issue:

APRIL IN VICHY WITH ALEC WAUGH ♦ KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN ASKS: NATO, WHO'S REALLY TO BLAME? ♦ MELCHIOR PALYI ON WOODEN NICKELS ♦ ALSO HAZLITT, SIMONDS, LEJEUNE, BURNHAM, KIRK

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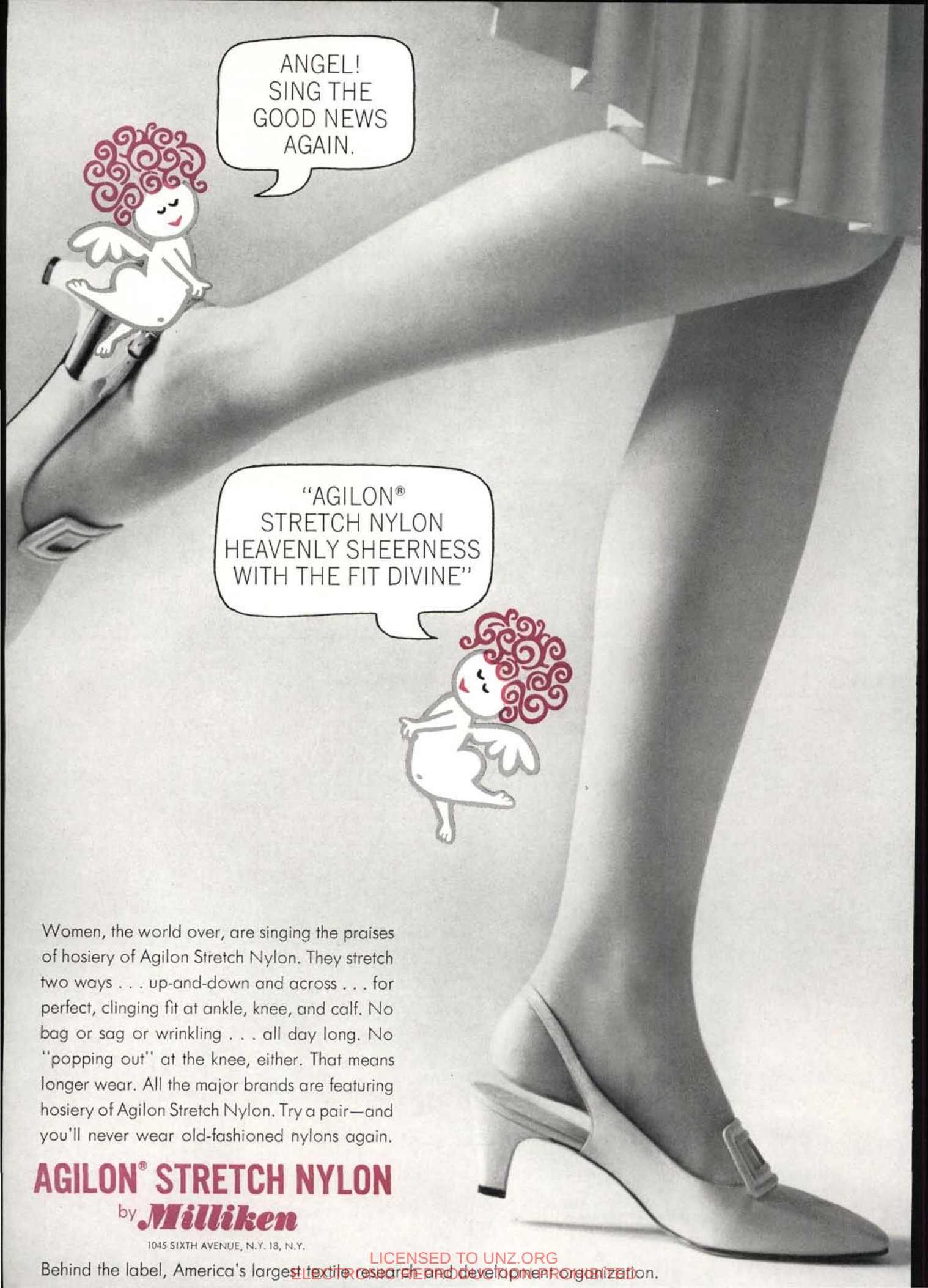

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MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
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M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
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African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley
At Large: William S. Schlamm

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
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CONTENTS *JUNE 14, 1966 VOL. XVIII NO. 24*

THE WEEK 560

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor 554
Why Not an Anti-Missile Missile? *.James Burnham* 567
Bobby Kennedy for King! .....*Johannes Eff* 568
The End of King Freddie .....*Elspeth Huxley* 569
The Mental Health Ethic .....*Thomas S. Szasz* 570
The Great Liberal Death-Wish
Malcolm Muggeridge 573
Soviet Tourist Traps .....*L. M. Taubinger* 575
The NATO Trouble: Immaturity
E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 576
April in Vichy .....*Alec Waugh* 577
Cheerfulness Breaks in Twice? .....*Russell Kirk* 578
Trans-O-Gram 589
For the Record 592

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Canute at the Treasury .....*Melchior Palyi* 579
More Triumph Than Tragedy ....*Anthony Lejeune* 581
The Free Market .....*Henry Hazlitt* 583
Uplift and Dragdown .....*C. H. Simonds* 584
Books in Brief 587

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Ringing the changes on a theme enunciated by James Burnham in *Suicide of the West,* the brilliant English stylist **Malcolm Muggeridge** does a surgical and psychological pre-mortem on Liberalism and pronounces the potential death a suicide. . . . **Dr. Thomas Szasz** continues to bug his psychiatric colleagues, whom he finds distressingly, because coercively, moralistic. This essay will be published in *Ethics and Society,* ed. by Richard DeGeorge (Doubleday, 1966). . . . Hopping the Atlantic, we have four sharp-eyed reports on 1) tourism in the Soviet Union, which, says **Laszlo Taubinger,** an Austrian journalist, is merely a controlled clinic for Soviet intelligence; 2) the troubles of the NATO post-alliance which **E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn** traces to devils beyond de Gaulle (Mr. Leddihn has recently visited Indonesia, Vietnam, Laos, and Rhodesia, and is now filling dates for his autumn lecture tour of the U.S., where he'll hit the East Coast in October and the West in November—for details, write to him at Lans, Tyrol, Austria); 3) Uganda, with **Elspeth Huxley** reporting on the sad tribal politics that led to the deposition, opposition, and ultimate military eradication of brave King Freddie, and 4) Vichy, whose delectable waters Mr. **Alec Waugh** chose to sample off-season, with most salubrious effects both upon his and his readers' state of mind. . . . **Johannes Eff,** continuing the analysis *NR* began five years ago of Robert Kennedy as Monsieur under King John, proposes that Robert be crowned. *Hard.*

➔ **James Burnham** steps away for better perspective on the weaponry planning of Defense Secretary McNamara. It's not *all* bad; some systems, he judges, may be genuine breakthroughs; but in any case a mere citizen is debarred from expert information. . . . Finding two hopeful books, **Russell Kirk** concludes that not all is lost, though it's a wonder he found time to say so amidst his articles in the May *Cosmopolitan,* the May 1 *New York Times Magazine,* the May *Show,* the spring or summer *Kenyon Review, Sewanee Review, Southern Review,* his TV and radio appearances, his current book *The Intemperate Professor,* and his June novel *A Creature of the Twilight.*

➔ Dr. **Melchior Palyi,** the renowned economist, reviews William Rickenbacker's book on the decline of the U.S. silver coinage, and finds the outlook unsettling if the money managers handle our gold as witlessly as they did our silver. . . . Lord Moran, who was physician-in-attendance to Winston Churchill for the last quarter-century, kept a thorough-going diary. From it he has made a book which **Anthony Lejeune** finds admirable for its wit, its writing, and above all its resplendent subject. . . . **Henry Hazlitt** gives favorable notice to Oxford Prof. Jewkes' *Public and Private Enterprise.* (An updated revision of Mr. Hazlitt's *The Free Man's Library* is coming soon.) . . . **C. H. Simonds** invites the culture-hipped critics of TV to curl up with a good book and stay curled. ➔

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TO THE EDITOR

U.S. Imperialism

Professor Molnar's article in the May 3 issue, "Imperial America," provokes thought and looks very good but—at least in those parts which compare the Presidency with the role of the Caesars in the ancient Empire—is fundamentally an irrational bit of scare-mongering.

First of all, the President—Mr. Johnson or any other—is very far from enjoying the nearly absolute power disposed of by Augustus and his followers. I am not a scholar in Roman history, and so don't know for certain the sources of a Caesar's power, but I suspect that it was founded on the personal loyalty of all, or the major part, of the mighty Roman military force. In other words, the Emperor was a military commander *first*, and backed by the strength lent him by a loyal soldiery, enjoyed the prerogatives of a civil ruler *secondarily*. The American President is elevated to the position of military commander by a civilian mandate, and can be removed from that position by the same means.

New York, N.Y. JOSEPH CLEIN

. . . Despite the various *comitas*, Rome was an authoritarian state from birth, largely because the modern concepts of democracy and civil liberties were unknown. Factors in Rome's decadence (barbarian pressure, physical economic breakdown, military revolt, uncertain succession, collapse of the administrative system) were not caused by the increased autocracy at the center. Rather the increased autocracy was a result of the destructive factors. Moreover, these problems are not the problems of contemporary America: we have enough of our own without borrowing Rome's. It should also be noted that Mr. Molnar's insinuations that the United States is somehow headed in the direction of imperial Rome are *non sequiturs* of the first degree. As Moses Hadas once pointed out, no one really knows what caused the fall of Rome, so anybody can put forth any hypothesis desired (after all, Gibbon blamed Christianity).

Arlington, Va. DAVID F. RUDGERS

The almost standard evolution in government systems from republic, to democracy, to dictatorship (or imperialism), seems to be approximately 200 years—and we are in our 190th year, counting from 1776.

Therefore we have another ten years to reach full imperial stage—and with Johnson's present rate of accumulating,

(Continued on p. 559)

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Plain talk about book clubs in general and ours in particular, the Conservative Book Club, especially for those of you who have so far resisted joining.

Why a Book Club?

For the owners, to make money (and in some cases, such as ours, to spread the reading of books we strongly believe in).

For the members, to save money and to do a lot more reading on subjects that interest them.

But can't you accomplish these objectives without joining a book club?

That depends. You certainly can buy *the same books elsewhere. But do you?* Each time you say to yourself, "I'm going to read that one", do you follow through? If you do, we salute you. In fact, we'd like your autograph.

But *if you are a mere human*, you get around to reading only a few of the books you intend to.

As for prices, you can't beat book club bargains anywhere. Publishers and bookstores would go broke in a *week if they tried* to sell at club prices. It may seem strange that a club can sell for even less than the publisher, but there's a good reason.

The market for any book (its "universe", as the statisticians might say) *is scattered* and hard to find. So the publisher must go to considerable expense either *a)* to reach these people by mail or *b)* to get the book out to his distributors, the booksellers, who must also make a profit. The result: higher prices and (usually) low sales.

Enter the book club—say, ours. The Conservative Book Club was born out of the conviction that:

1. Intelligent conservatives abound in these United States.
2. They have a lively interest in good books.
3. They would welcome the chance to get them at *very deep discounts.*

And so it has proved to be. CBC has managed to attract, in just over one year, upwards of 30,000 book-loving conservatives. This represents an enormous concentration of buying power—which benefits its members in the form of discounts that range as high as 75%.

There's another factor. A dozen manufacturers may make a certain type of product; a dealer may stock perhaps four or five of them. But most publishers and bookstores stock *thousands* of books. The variety is infinite — for which, thank heaven. But the industry and the reader pay the price; they must largely do without the savings of mass production.

Book clubs, however, *can* offer these savings. Ours, for example, carries only some 25 selected books a year—not the whole 25,000 that are published annually. And our printing orders on these books may be seven or eight times larger than any publisher would dare risk on his own.

Objections to Book Clubs

Despite the big savings, some readers resist book clubs, for several reasons. *How valid are these objections?*

Objection: I don't like books forced on me.

Reply: They aren't, at least in CBC. You get a detailed description of each Selection in the monthly Club Bulletin. Under Plan A (described below), you need take only 3 books out of some 30 to be offered in the next 15 months. Breathes there an intelligent conservative who won't be reading at least 3 of these 30 books? We doubt it, but we provide for their freedom of action anyway. Under Plan B (described below), you need *never* accept a Selection, and you still enjoy all privileges of membership.

Objection: I don't want my books "preselected".

Reply: They always are, to some extent. Publishers decide which books to publish, which books to bring to your notice by advertising. Book review editors decide what books to review, and thus to call to your attention. CBC likewise selects. The question really is, do you like at least some of the books the Club offers? Below is a sampling of our Selections. If you can't find any you like, then the Club is simply not for you.

Objection: I don't want to be bothered refusing each Selection I don't want.

Reply: Well, in the course of deciding—and perhaps refusing (on a form we always provide)—you *learn* all about the new conservative books and what's in them. Isn't that worth a few minutes a *month*?

Objection: Maybe I won't get my refusal back in time.

Reply: You get from 18 to 25 days, depending on where you live.

Objection: I don't want to be under obligation.

Reply: You need not be. See obligation-free Plan B below.

Objection: I like to buy from my bookstore.

Reply: You should, for most books. A book club can offer you *excellent* bargains on *selected* books; a good bookstore will get *any* book for you, and is therefore justified in charging the regular retail price. Book clubs and bookstores complement each other. Both are necessary.

Do I help the conservative cause by joining CBC?

Definitely. In our first two years, the Club distributed over 350,000 conservative books. CBC sales of most titles far surpassed sales by the publisher.

This not only means more conservative books are being read. It means more income for conservative writers—more incentive for them to keep on with their vital work.

Perhaps most significant, CBC has made the Liberals along Publishers' Row sit up and take notice. Publishers now call us to see if the Club might be interested in conservative manuscripts they're considering. Several times now, a nod from the Club has prompted a publisher to offer the author a contract.

The Club features a special Omnibus Volume every few months—three or four books bound into one. This format enables us to give extra value . . . and to offer a dash of the unusual, the kind of book many a conservative might otherwise overlook.

Finally, the Club Bulletin gives members a really comprehensive review of each Selection, thus keeps them abreast of important conservative books even when they decide not to buy them.

How the Club Works

As a member, you get the monthly Club Bulletin free. It describes the current Selection and Alternates, and also features a news column for conservatives, "And RIGHTLY So". If you want the Selection, there's no need to do anything. It comes automatically (and always at Club discount). If you don't want it, merely send back the handy form always provided.

There are no fees. You need never pay in advance. You are billed only when you actually receive a book. And you have this choice of membership plans:

Plan A. You get a free book of your choice on joining, in return for which you agree to take 3 books over the next 15 months, from among some 30 the Club will offer. After buying 3 books, you are free to resign. (Happily, only about 15% of our members have, in fact, resigned—eloquent testimony that most are pleased with the Club.)

You may choose any one of the following books free if you join under Plan A. Since these are all past Selections or Alternates, they also give you a good idea of the quality of CBC Selections:

15. **Suicide of the West** *by James Burnham. Retail price* $5.95.

41. **Omnibus Volume 4. Where's The Rest of Me?—The Ronald Reagan Story** *by Ronald Reagan with R. G. Hubler. 17 photographs. Unabridged.* **The Equivocal Men** *by Holmes M. Alexander. Unabridged.* **Reading Without Dick and Jane** *by Arthur S. Trace, Jr. Unabridged.* **Welfare, Freedom and Inflation** *by Wilhelm Roepke. Unabridged. 4 selections in one. Retail value* $17.40.

23. **Reminiscences** *by Douglas MacArthur. Lavishly illustrated. Retail price* $6.95.

25. **White Teacher in a Black School** *by Robert Kendall. Retail price* $4.95.

55. **Our Vietnam Nightmare** *by Marguerite Higgins. Retail price* $5.95.

27. **Omnibus Volume 2.** *Includes 2 complete books, 1 generous excerpt, 1 lengthy essay—all bound into one handsome volume:* **The Greatest Plot in History** *by Ralph de Toledano,* **What You Should Know About Inflation** *(Newly Revised) by Henry Hazlitt,* **The Great Interlude** *(Excerpts) by Francis Russell,* **Political Causes of the American Revolution** *by Lord Acton. Retail value* $14.95.

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31. **How the Far East Was Lost** *by Anthony Kubek. Retail price* $10.00.

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36. **JFK: The Man and the Myth** *by Victor Lasky. Retail price* $7.95.

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After their first free selection, Conservative Book Club members get deep discounts on the books they decide to buy — reductions as high as 75%!

Plan B. You do not get a free book on joining, but you enjoy all membership privileges and are *never* obligated to buy a book provided you send in the refusal form. You get the Bulletin free and need not accept any monthly Selection until (we hope) one comes along that strikes your fancy.

So come on in—the books are fine. To try membership, just pick the Plan you prefer and send the coupon below (or write on your own stationery) to Conservative Book Club 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

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☐ **PLAN A.** *Send, free, the book whose number I have circled below:*

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NR-37

☐ **PLAN B.** *I wish to join CBC on open membership, under which I enjoy all privileges of membership without receiving a free book, and without the obligation to buy any CBC books at all. My sole obligation is to refuse books I do not want on form provided. I can resign any time.*

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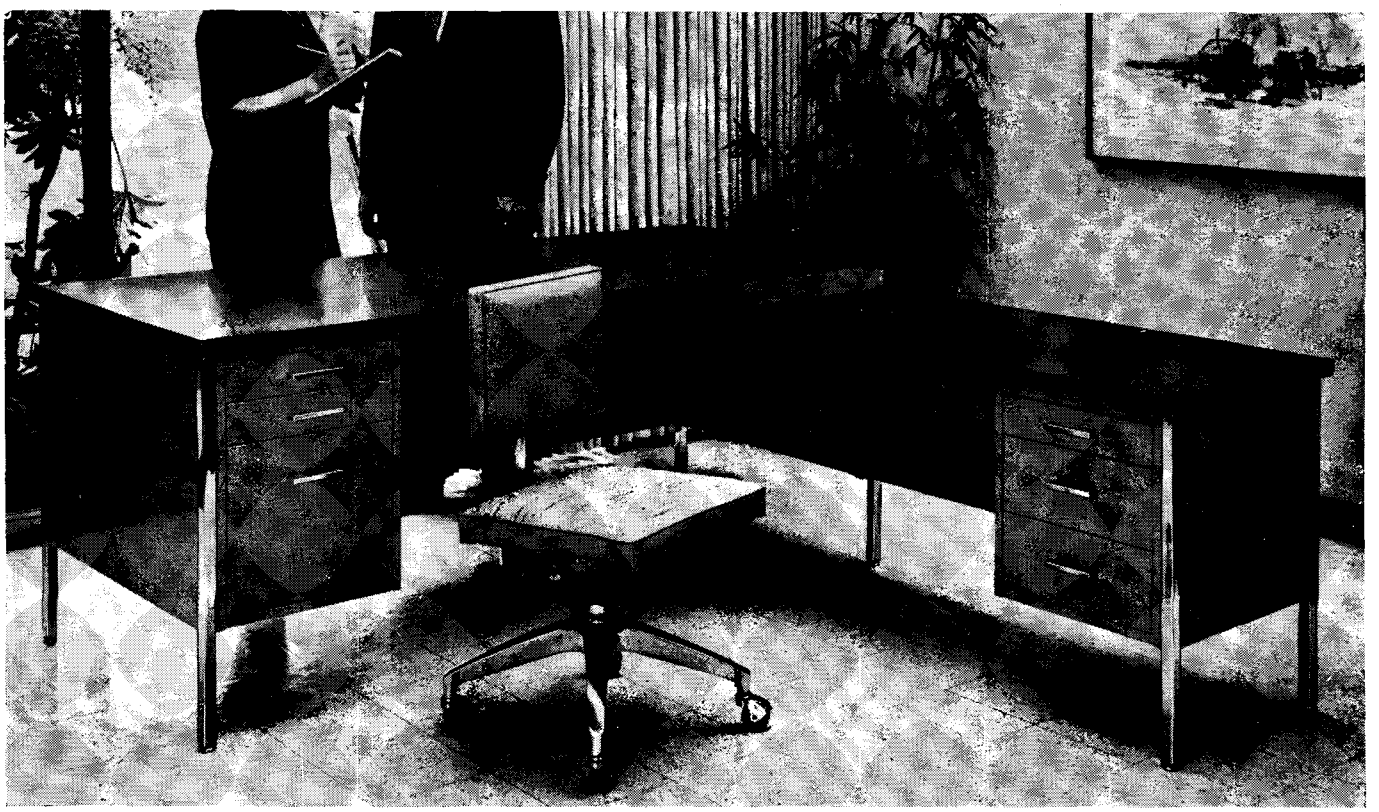

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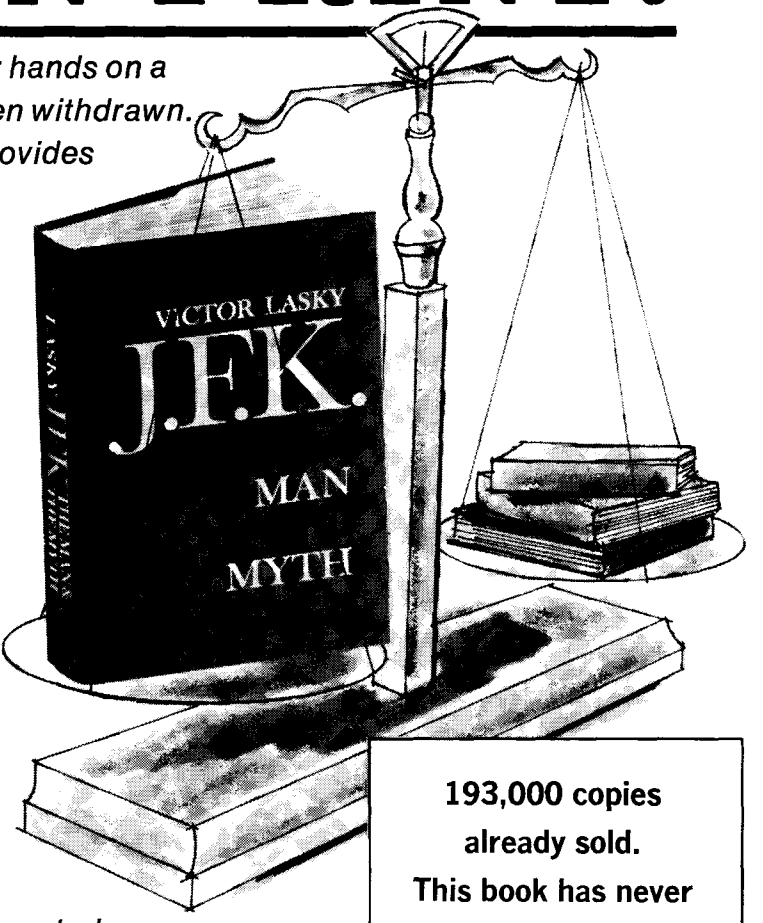

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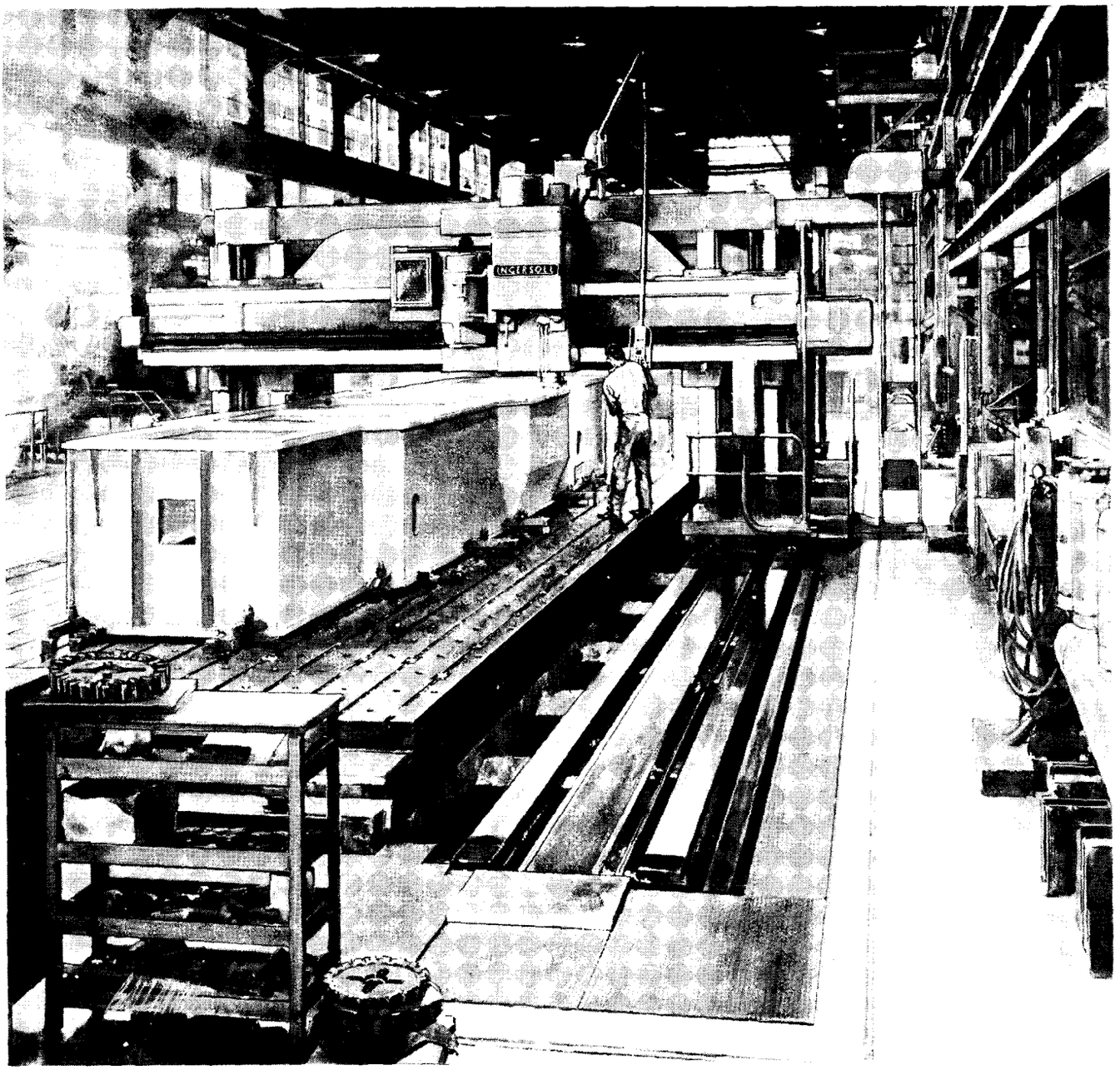

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 554)

and exercising, power, it may not take that long.

Lompoo, Calif. LOUIS DEHNER

A Reply

Reactions to my article, "Imperial America," have come mainly from persons I might call "literalists." They are of two kinds: the first agree with me, see the day of imperial America dawn, but go beyond my speculative outline, find portents in every event and map the future with an insistence on accuracy unwarranted in such matters. The other literalists demand a similar precision: they question every detail of my comparison, and think they win their point against me when the parallel is not absolute.

But of course the two empires do not have to follow rigorously similar roads in order to display a similarity of patterns. We must make ample room for contingencies, passions and opportunities offered or rejected. I merely outlined a tendency: neither set down dates for fulfillment like Mr. Dehner, nor agree with Mr. Clein: in the case of Emperor and President the military acted (or may act) after realizing the weakness of

(Continued on p. 591)

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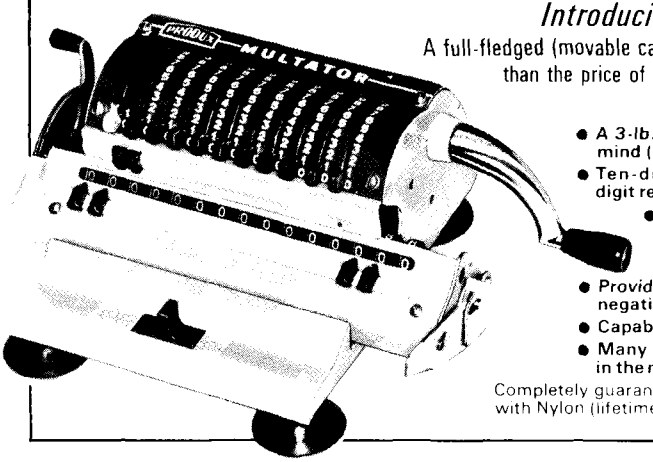
You should either spend $800 on an electric calculator or buy this $89 German machine.



Introducing the Multator-4

A full-fledged (movable carriage) calculator for less than the price of a common adding machine.

- A 3-lb., 15-ozs. *portable* master-mind (8x7x3½")
- Ten-digit keyboard — fifteen digit read-out
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Completely guaranteed. All-steel construction with Nylon (lifetime) gearing

There are basically just two kinds of calculators that make economic sense. If you can keep one of those $800 electric machines whirring a good part of every working day then anything less is no bargain. But if you are a businessman, engineer, a shipping clerk or plant foreman (who figures bids and such), a doctor, storekeeper — anyone who spends even 30-minutes a day writing figures on paper — then this last word from Germany can definitely save you expensive time and costly mistakes, **without making a major capital investment.** The MULTATOR-4 not only multiplies and divides at a brisk clip, but it can perform tricks only a few of those very expensive machines have been taught: such as automatic re-entry* and read-out of negative balances (bookkeepers take note!). This compact wizard from Hamburg naturally extracts square roots, but then, quite a few of those expensive machines can do that also.

For $89 you won't find the MULTATOR-4 any aerodynamic beauty that won some Industrial Design Award at a Plastics Fair. It is purely and simply a calculator—rugged and dependable; business-like, with no frills. Even so, it has that respectable made-to-work look that takes its form from its function. But most important is what it does . . . how easily it does it (how **fast**) . . . its handy size and weight . . . and, the price! At $89 the MULTATOR-4 makes *sense to any bookkeeper, any billing clerk,* (even housewives with budgets to wrestle)—anyone who now figures on paper. And if you were about to buy an(other) $800 to $900 "behemoth" or one of those $100 to $200 hybrid compromises—don't, until you give this $89 machine a chance to prove itself in action. One proving ground is the large office that now has one expensive calculator at one central spot. Now you can afford to put a MULTATOR-4 on the desk of everyone who otherwise would get up once or twice an hour to troop to the one expensive machine. Time and motion thus saved will quickly pay for a number of MULTATOR-4's. Our quantity discounts will help too.

Buy a calculator by mail? Sight Unseen? It may be unorthodox, but it is the only way to buy the MULTATOR-4, and to buy it for $89. Because we are the only link between the manufacturer and you (the exclusive importer/retailer), you save the usual distributor/dealer/salesman markup. But in order to *sell the MULTATOR-4 sight unseen,* there must be a Guarantee that goes beyond any that you will find dealers offering on other machines. To wit:

Our Guarantee: It's simple. You may return the MULTATOR-4, for whatever reason (or for no reason at all) within two weeks. After that, the Guarantee covers material and workmanship for a full year. Needless to say, we *maintain a complete* spare part and repair service.

*What is automatic re-entry? To take a simple example, suppose you want to figure 3x4x5x6. Except on the most expensive calculators, you would have to remember and then re-enter manually the results of the first two calculations to reach the final answer. That's how mistakes happen. But not with the MULTATOR-4. Re-entry is automatic, so the whole calculation is performed in one continuous operation. You memorize nothing. Re-enter nothing. The MULTATOR-4 does it all for you. Automatically.

SAVE TIME. AVOID ERRORS. ORDER THE MULTATOR-4 FOR A TWO-WEEK TRIAL.

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Please send me the MULTATOR-4 by insured mail, subject to the stated guarantee.
☐ *I enclose* $89 *plus* $2.00 *for postage and insurance.* (California Residents Add 4% Sales Tax)
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The WEEK

● Why can't an airline stewardess be a man? The flight attendants' union, who want to recruit men, are after the airlines, who don't, and the airlines are after the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, whose mother, the Civil Rights Act of 1964, never told it there'd be days like this. The law, you see, says that sex discrimination in employment is permissible only if being female, or being male, is a quote bona fide occupational requirement unquote. Is serving trays, warming babies' bottles and murmuring nasal nothings over the P.A. system a woman's job exclusively? Would male stewards, provided they are between eighteen and 26 and do not wear their hair too long, be accepted by the flying public? Does the EEOC know the answer? Does the flying public? Does the pilot? Has the EEOC asked her? Has the EEOC considered what sex is a patsy?

● The nation passed its last weekend in May, the Memorial Day weekend, on waves of shock rolling in from Vietnam. There were five suicides in three days, four of them by women and girls. Thich Thien Minh, aide to Thich Tri Quang, ordered an end to the suicides but the arson and sacking of U.S. installations went on. In his address at Arlington, the President contrasted Buddhist "acts of desperation" to the "sacrifice of thousands of lives that have already been made for the cause of independence and political hope in South Vietnam." He could have been referring, for example, to the U.S. mortality figures for the week of May 21: 146 dead, 820 wounded—the highest ever in the history of the war. But to some Americans all the sacrifices were made by the Buddhists. At the University of Chicago, American clergymen showed ecumenical solidarity by sharing a Memorial Day service for peace in Vietnam with a Buddhist monk from Saigon, who praised the motives of those who had burned themselves to death. In a Chicago hotel, 35 wounded Vietnam veterans, some in casts and on crutches, were refused seats at an ice show, allegedly because their presence would disturb the paying customers. The letter of apology was from Conrad Hilton.

● At the crossroads where the civil rights movement has lingered becalmed since the passing of the last voting rights bill, things are starting to accelerate once more in several directions, mostly downhill. Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, the razziest and inmost of the civil rights groups, set the pace by ousting founding fathers John Lewis and James Foreman in favor of Stokely Carmichael (of Alabama's all-Negro "Black Panther" Party) and Ruby Smith Robinson. Already deep in the wildwoods of race-pacifism (Vietnam, according to Carmichael, is a "war on colored people"), SNCC has set its course on blotting out the thin grey line that has always separated anti-white from pro-black in official policy statements. This distressed professional integrationist Martin Luther King who, from the Chicago headquarters of his new and studiously unrazzy Coordinating Council of Community Organizations, deplored the blackness of some panthers (but deplored even more the "whole structure of our society" that caused his friends and former allies to do like they do). Dick Gregory joined SNCC in boycotting the White House Civil Rights Conference, the in thing to do, but King, like Gregory a Vietnik, declined to stray too far from White House patronage. So did Floyd McKissick of CORE, who, however, arrived at the Conference table armed with sufficient charges of bad faith to blow it up. McKissick's stridency was one token of CORE's break-up and decline, which set in when LBJ absorbed its former director, James Farmer, into government programs. While McKissick was objecting, CORE's Harlem chapter was lighting out after SNCC on the Vietnam trail, and another chapter, in Mount Vernon, N.Y., was getting itself expelled in a controversy over anti-Semitism. On the White House's preliminary agenda were projects for aid and education totalling $10 billion over the next ten years, according to Dr. King, whose organization needs a bundle as much as the next man's; but with the poverty militia backing up McKissick in lung-force there seemed little chance of agreement about anything, except maybe the whole structure of our society.

● Chairman Gardner Ackley of the President's Council of Economic Advisers has taken one horrified look at corporate profits and announced that they're too high; something's gone wrong, yet. Although he surrounded his remarks on profit with a discourse on the maintenance of guidelines and the Kabuki fight against inflation, the underlying meaning was that corporate profits are a juicy target for a tax increase in this election year. By the most Keynesian coincidence, Mr. Ackley's predecessor Walter Heller was speechifying that same day in another town. *He* said we should raise taxes on corporations and individuals, and cancel the 7 per cent corporate investment tax credit. Now if American business would only start losing money hand over fist, we'd all get a tax break.

● You pays your money . . . E. George Schaefer's *The Dow Theory Trader,* last week: "Play it safe. Don't get caught in a bear market!!! If you haven't already sold, I would sell all stocks, all real estate that I don't need, pay off all debts and wait in cash

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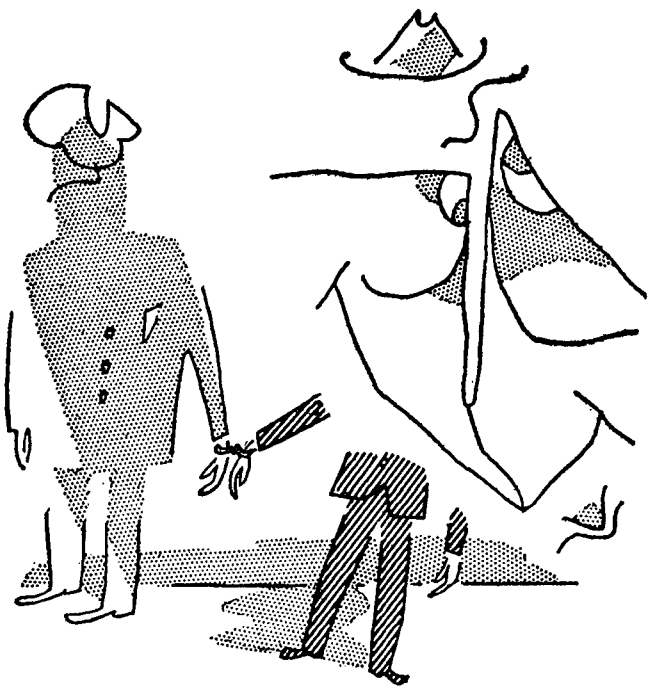
or short term Government paper. . . ." *Kiplinger Washington Letter,* last week: "Is business headed for a slide? Is the boom coming to an end? Our answer, a flat No."

● Gather 'round, children, and you shall hear what *really* happened to Abba Schwartz. Like every Kennedy appointee, Schwartz had to sign an undated letter of resignation when Johnson took over. Now when the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee got ready to release two fat volumes of testimony on "Abracadabra," it forewarned the President (a standard courtesy). Johnson was so dismayed at the record that he immediately stamped the date on Schwartz's prefab resignation. A newsman pal got wind of it and met Abracadabra at the airport. Told of his resignation, he waxed wroth, and spilled the beans to his pal. And *that* is how the St. Louis press scooped the President, and *that* is why the President, in turn, waxed wroth.

● In April the Pentagon announced that 15,000 men would be withdrawn from the U.S. force of 210,000 stationed in West Germany. It is stated in the West German press that when Defense Minister von Hassel was in Washington in mid-May he was informed that another 15,000 would also be redeployed before the end of the year. These moves are being interpreted by some European commentators as indicating a fundamental shift in the strategic function of the U.S. contingent in Europe: from being an integral element of the defensive force protecting Europe against a Soviet threat, it is changing into a ready strategic reserve for U.S. operations in Asia, and presumably anywhere else. European opinion is aware that this transformation tends to confirm de Gaulle's analysis.



"Didn't you ever make a mistake as a boy? After all, I'm only fifty."

● YOU are UNICEF's children, too,
when you know that
1 of your pennies can provide five glasses of milk
5 cents' worth of penicillin can cure a case of yaws
10 cents can protect ten people from tuberculosis
. . .
And twenty million cents will permit UNICEF to occupy quarters on the sixth floor of the swank United Nations Plaza, instead of the unspeakable second floor. Yes, last week UNICEF was offered the second floor—identical in layout to the sixth, except for some additional space—at a saving over five years of $150,000 to $200,000, plus a large contribution from a New York company that wanted to rent the sixth floor. The executive director, touring in Africa, telegraphed to the real estate agents that under no circumstances would he accept second story space but insisted on the sixth; so, since ALCOA, the building's owner, had a "moral agreement" with the UN, that was that. A proposed new flier:

20,000,000 of your pennies can provide UNICEF with *6th* story space
40,000,000 of your pennies can provide UNICEF with *12th* story space
60,000,000 of your pennies can provide UNICEF with *18th* story space.
And so on. The building has 36 floors, so give-give-give.

● The American Conservative Union, which has not been alone among conservative organizations in suffering the post-1964 doldrums, has taken hold of its political bootstraps and given a smart tug. Chairman John Ashbrook has announced that the Political Action wing of the ACU is cranking up a major campaign (under the slogan "Action Now") aimed at bringing to bear, in district after congressional district, the influence and drive of those 27 million voters who went for Goldwater. The immediate target in 1966 is the House of Representatives.

● A $100,000 essay competition—topic: The Business Gap in The Cold War—is being conducted by the American Security Council under a public service grant from the Schick Safety Razor Company. According to Schick board chairman Patrick J. Frawley Jr., "American business has the greatest array of sales, advertising and public relations talent in the world but these talents have not been effectively mobilized to merchandise freedom"—hence the contest. For information and entry forms: Busi-

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ness Citizenship Competition, % American Security Council, 123 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

● A recent issue of *Tech Engineering News,* a monthly publication by MIT students, carries an anonymous article entitled "The Fourfold Nature of the American Right," in which it is discovered that NATIONAL REVIEW is slightly less respectable than the *Reader's Digest* and slightly more respectable than the Daughters of the American Revolution. To judge by the list of blue-chip corporations that advertise in *Tech*'s pages, we gather that *Tech* is slightly more respectable than *Fortune,* but not quite so respectable as the Democratic Party's dinner program.

● Here's a welcome for *Rally* Magazine, Volume One Number One of which is wet off the presses and now in the hands of *hundreds* of cash customers (long may they wave!), including Mr. Laurance Rockefeller. *Rally,* edited by Timothy Wheeler (of *NR* fame) and his brother Richard (*Oakland Tribune, Reader's Digest*), aims to provide a platform for young conservative writers, and a voice of conservatism for today's young campus crowd. Vol. One Numb. One has pieces by Edwin McDowell, Philip Crane, Phillip Abbott Luce, Neal Freeman, and other of your favorite authors young and old bright. Five bucks the year, one issue the month, *Rally* happens in P.O. Box 7068, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin LIIICCXIII.

Tales Longfellow Never Told Me

When the white queen quit Uganda
In a messy ceremony,
She appointed Chief Obote
To be Federal Big Daddy;
Told the Chief to be respectful
Toward the people in Buganda
And their sensitive Kabaka
(Who continued as Sir Edward).
On a night for owls, only,
While the crocodiles were screaming,
Chief Obote got pre-emptive
"For the good of all Uganda";
Sacked the proud Kabaka's palace
With equipment labeled *England;*
Murdered hundreds of Baganda
In their capital, Kampala.
Though the tale received attention
On the East Side of Manhattan;
Caused a current of confusion
On the shores of the Potomac;
Still the topic for discussion
In the Council of the Nations
Was "the white aggressor," Ian.

W. H. VON DREELE

● One (1) priest, joined by one (1) nun, and one (1) rabbi, propose to rename the Old Testament, on the grounds that to propose that that which governs the Jew is "old" whereas that which governs Christians is "new" is downright invidious: thus fulfilling the words of the Lord (Rev. 21: 5—New Testament, Part II): "Behold, I make all things new."

● Short course in orderly thought. Use common phrases as your categories. Thus: *Two wrongs don't make a right.* Attach here McCarthyism ("I approve of his aims but not his methods") and also the John Birch Society's willingness to adopt Communist tactics in the fight against Communism. Save this category for enemies. For friends, use: *You have to fight fire with fire.* Attach here Mr. Hubert Humphrey's description (*New Republic,* May 7) of his methods in ridding the DFL Party of Communists in 1946: "Sometimes the fight got dirty. But we were just as tough as the Commies were—and sometimes just as mean." Got it?

The National Conference for Surrender

The Vietnam war will, as everybody knows, figure in the next election. It is not however clear the extent to which it will figure as the determining factor in the voters' minds. For instance, in Oregon the contest for senator will be between Mark Hatfield, the incumbent Republican Governor who has taken an anti-Vietnam position soft enough to have won the across-the-aisle backing of Wayne Morse, and the Democrat, Robert Duncan, who has lined up with Lyndon Johnson, supporting a firm U.S. role in Vietnam and winning his campaign for the nomination on that issue.

How will the independent vote in Oregon divide in November? For that matter, how will the Republicans divide? Assuming that Hatfield remains a dove, and Duncan a hawk, how will their differences on the Vietnam issue affect the vote?

It is obvious from the reluctance of top professional politicians to commit themselves that it isn't yet clear how the American mood will consolidate on the Vietnam issue come November. Take, for instance, Governor Nelson Rockefeller. In his first two terms as governor he registered as a "hard" in international affairs. He had, at his right hand, Professor Henry Kissinger of Harvard who is, as regards the Soviet Union, an implacable; and Rockefeller was always criticizing Nixon, his principal political rival, for failure to do enough to support the military and to press anti-Communist opportunities abroad. Suddenly —a great silence. It seems forever since Rockefeller

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Congress returned from the Memorial Day weekend with so much work still on its agenda that talk of an early adjournment vanished. Despite pressure for an early wrap-up due to this year's congressional campaigns, there are indications it will be late summer or even early fall before Congress calls it quits. First on the agenda must be the appropriations bills for fiscal year 1967. The new fiscal year begins July 1, yet as Congress reconvened after the Memorial Day weekend only five of the dozen or more annual appropriations had cleared the House, only two of those had passed the Senate, and only one—for the Interior Department—had reached the President. Similarly, there has been plenty of committee work but little or no floor action in either House on such controversial bills as the "demonstration cities," "truth in packaging," "truth in lending," civil rights, school aid, the war on poverty, four-year House terms, "situs picketing," urban transit, the debt ceiling, unemployment compensation, automobile safety, foreign aid, election reforms, "Food for Freedom," campaign spending reforms, and creation of a federal Department of Transportation. Result: a long, hot session this summer.

◆ With such pressures, it is no surprise that little chance is being given to many of the ideologically-motivated bills or "reform" bills proposed by the President. Organized labor, still smarting from its defeat on right-to-work, faces almost as embarrassing a defeat on its drive to legalize secondary boycotts in the construction industry. Dead is the President's call for four-year House terms. Dead also are the Johnson-backed proposals for Electoral College reform; they "didn't have a Chinaman's chance" of getting out of his Committee, said Sen. Birch Bayh (D., Ind.), chairman of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee holding hearings on the proposals.

◆ Also affecting much congressional legislation is the war in Vietnam. Rep. Wilbur D. Mills (D., Ark.), chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, killed the President's proposals for trade with the enemy when he refused either to sponsor the legislation or to order Committee hearings. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen said the matter was a "dead duck," and Secretary of State Rusk admitted the Administration would not fight Congress because it feared defeat; it is "really a case of counting the votes," he said. The Administration was also jolted when a GOP-Conservative Democrat coalition in the House Agriculture Committee voted to ban "food for peace" shipments to any country trading with North Vietnam or Cuba. The powers-that-be threaten to rescind the recent 15 per cent increase in wheat acreage allotments if the House doesn't delete the ban.

◆ Conservatives on Capitol Hill hope that three budget studies now in circulation will cause Congress to be more careful in authorizing new expenditures. A study by the Council of State Chambers of Commerce shows that the cost of new Great Society programs alone will rise to $21.5 billion by 1970—a sevenfold increase from the $3.1 billion of 1965. "These are figures the Congress should bear in mind in acting on the President's budget proposals for 1967," said the Council's research director, Eugene F. Rinta, in a letter to members of Congress. The nonpartisan American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research has released its legislative analysis showing that federal expenditures budgeted for fiscal year 1967 will average $736 per person. This per capita figure represents an increase of $101 per person over 1965 and $208 each over 1960—that is, a 16 per cent increase over 1965, and a 40 per cent increase over the past seven years. Of each budget dollar, 42 cents will be for national defense, 17 cents for social security and medicare benefits, and the remaining 41 cents for other government functions. And a budget study from the National Association of Manufacturers finds "there is ample room for action by the Congress and the Chief Executive in federal expenditure control," and urges that the 1967 budget be balanced by cutting $2 billion or $3 billion from Great Society programs. —CATO

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has advised his followers how to think about international affairs; particularly, how to think about the Vietnamese war.

Similarly, in Illinois we have a contest in sight featuring Senator Paul Douglas, the incumbent Liberal Democrat who however has been adamantly and militantly anti-Communist and vigorously supports our commitment in South Vietnam. He is running against Mr. Charles Percy, a Liberal Republican who recently went so far as to decline to say whether, although he dutifully urged others to do so, he had himself voted for Senator Goldwater for President —thus endearing himself to those who seek candidates free of original sin. In the inner circle, Percy is considered, as regards foreign policy, to be a disciple of Professor Leo Strauss of the University of Chicago. Professor Strauss, in addition to being perhaps the heaviest political philosopher in America, is a no-nonsense anti-Communist. Still, Mr. Percy hasn't broadcast, at least on any nationwide wave length, his own position on Vietnam—suggesting that he may wish to imply to the voters a contract between himself and the hawkish Senator Douglas.

Granted, most of the anti-Vietnam political candidates will rise up from the Democratic Left, that being the natural hatchery for appeasers. But there are Republicans who, perhaps for reasons of conscience, perhaps because they are desperate for grounds by which they may be distinguished from their Democratic opponents, are dallying with their doves. It

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remains to be seen, therefore, whether the Republican community by and large will prove itself to be attracted to Republican doves because they are Republicans, in preference to Democratic hawks. The answer may reveal a lot about the future of American politics. If Republican voters, joined by independents, flock to Republican appeasers in opposition to Democratic resolutes, then the Republican Presidential candidate of 1968 is likely, in the event that the Vietnamese war continues, to flirt with a kind of neo-isolationism.

The immediate question has to do with the importance the voter attaches, in the scheme of things, to the vigorous prosecution of the Vietnamese war. The far Left has already suggested that Vietnam is the watershed. A new committee has been founded called, with divine ineptitude, the "National Conference for New Politics"—a meaningless tongue-twister of a title which instantly stiffens the healthy voter's skeptical hackles. As well it should. The NCNP is a committee headed by four kneejerk-lefties who seek to use their influence in the fields of their specialties to urge all Americans to vote for candidates as innocent as themselves in national affairs. There is, to begin with, and almost necessarily nowadays, the babyologist Spock, Co-Chairman of the Committee for A Sane Nuclear Policy. Then the Reverend William Sloane Coffin of Yale, an eloquent professional sit-in who cannot understand why we worry about North Vietnam when we could be sending our Marines to Alabama. And Julian Bond, whose principal accomplishment has been to maneuver an unsophisticated legislature in Georgia into disqualifying him because of his pacifist inclinations. And finally Simon Casady of California, who was eased out of his position in the California Democratic Council for overweening leftism.

They have issued a call to all voters to back only anti-Vietnam political candidates. Inevitably, a conservative committee will arise urging the opposite. Among other things, conservative Republicans, for instance in Oregon, will have to decide whether to order their preferences, at this juncture in American politics, in favor of the Liberal anti-Communist, or the Republican appeaser.

Silent, Upon a Pique at Santa Barbara

James A. Pike, former Catholic, former Protestant, former Bishop, has accepted a position at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

—News story.

Bishop Pike, he took a peek
Adown the pike and saw his pique
Had pickled, peakèd the mystique
Of his too puckish bishoprique.

So, picaresque (no piker, Pike),
He picked a peak and, packing pike,
He pilgrimed up its slope *à pic*
And piped he would with Hutchins speak.

"Lord Puck," quoth pawky Pike, "I seek
"Ascension up piqued Pike's Pook's Peak,
"Speak, Puck, great Spook, willst me bespeak?"
Spook: "Welcome to Pickpocket Peak."
And so it is that Pook and Pike
And pecks o' pique are parked alike
Atop a pocked Pacific peak
Where morning, noon, and afternoon
Speaks Pikayune to Puckayune,
And Puckayune to Pikayune,
"Ascension, Yes, Ascend Our Peak!"
(There's no dissent from Pook's Pike's pique.)

WFR

The Crush Rhodesia Resolution

The UN Security Council faced a seeming showdown May 23 when the resolution of the black African bloc calling for the use of force in Rhodesia rose to the top of the agenda. With its customary ingenuity, the Council managed to obscure and avoid the issue. The resolution was not approved (which would have required nine of the fifteen votes) nor was it exactly rejected; it merely "failed of adoption," with the voting line-up: six For (three Africa, two Communist, one Jordan), one—to the general surprise—Against (New Zealand), and eight leaders of the world Abstaining.

The announcement of the result touched off a conventional *reprise* by the principal vedettes. Nikolai Fedorenko, for the Soviet Union, smote "the NATO powers" for "scuttling the Council's earlier decisions" and slyly using a "veiled veto" to wreck the hopes of all black Africa, whose only true friends in the wicked white world were located in the Kremlin. U.S. delegate Arthur Goldberg indignantly protested Fedorenko's "inaccuracies" and praised peace warmly. Britain's Lord Caradon was in Oxford Union form reminding "the hero of a hundred vetoes" that he was perhaps "not experienced in a free system of voting as practiced in the Security Council." Chief S. D. Adebo of Nigeria, who as a temporary Council member had put the resolution, and Zambian Foreign Minister Simon Kapwepwe, who was present on special invitation, expressed sorrow, and suggested that Britain and her Western friends were maybe just a wee bit racist in hesitating to use force against white man Smith.

The UN shadow play was in itself of no particular consequence. But in its symbolic way it signaled that the Rhodesian episode—in which the first premonitory violence occurred a fortnight ago with the slaughter of a white farmer and his wife by assassins

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MAGAZINE CAUGHT IN ACT OF REPEATING HISTORIC PROPOSITION TO READERS

National Review Admits Now It Is Willing to Permit All Readers to Participate in Daring Scheme

ROCK BOTTOM OFFER UNMASKED

30-day Time Limit Set: "We Will Remain Firm on This," Official Warns in Public Statement

By Robert M. Patrick
(Our Special Correspondent)

NEW YORK CITY, Monday—*National Review* officials refused today to deny rumors now circulating that it will allow its readers to participate in a bold new expansion scheme.

It is an open secret here that the right-wing magazine, called "the Conservative Bible" by many Liberal observers, is anxious to expand its already large readership. "Expand, and expand quickly" was the feeling of most informed sources when queried about *National Review's* intentions.

"I'd say the key word around NR was growth," said one highly-placed authority, who insisted on remaining anonymous. "These people go after new subscribers like politicians after votes."

Buckley Interviewed

Your correspondent reached *National Review* Editor Wm. F. Buckley Jr. by telephone—no mean feat in itself, as other officials were quick to confirm—to ask for a policy statement on new subscribers. "You're a new subscriber?" Buckley boomed into the mouthpiece. "Wonderful. Welcome aboard! Say what do you think of our new covers? Not bad, eh?" The connection was not the best, and it is possible that Buckley didn't understand the query.

"The question, Mr. Buckley," I pressed on, "was about getting *other* new subscribers. What do you have to say about that?"

"Better yet!" Buckley opined loudly. "Say, how many have you got?" I repeated that I was actually seeking information about the thousands *he* was trying to get, but again the connection was faulty: "Thousands! Marvelous! My God, you've just *got* to tell this to our promotion people—they'll be *green* with envy. Here, I'll switch you."

BUCKLEY GETS GOOD NEWS about thousands of new *National Review* readers produced by helpful friends of the magazine.

Secret Leaks Out

Shortly, your correspondent was speaking to James A. Jennings, Jr., junior journalist and summer promotion replacement, who was confronted with details of the expansion plan. "Did Buckley admit that?" Jennings said. Consternation was evident as he cleared his throat. "Gee, I thought it was a secret! Well, I *am* new here. Maybe that blood oath was about some *other* secret. But if he said OK, well, all I can say is, OK, if you know what I mean."

The line was clear now. Jennings went on.

"It was last year about this time—right in the middle of the Buckley-for-Mayor business, if you remember that far back. I don't. That was before my time. But they wanted more readers *then* because the magazine was so hot, if you get what I mean. I hope I've got all this right, because I wasn't here. But they made this fantastic offer to the readers, and it was a great idea, and everybody loved it, because everybody saved money."

Jennings cleared his throat again and went on: "So they decided to allow it again this year—same proposition.

"The idea is very simple. Any current NR subscriber—any subscriber in good standing I mean, of course—can give a *gift* subscription to a friend for just $5 bucks for a full year! You got that? Man, that's down there around half price. Not much of that around nowadays, know what I mean? And there *couldn't* be a better time!

"Why," Jennings went on, "just since I've been here, NR has got *much* better. And what a great time of the year! Think of what I mean: NR makes the perfect gift for grads, Father's Day, Mother's Day (little late there, of course, but hell, you know what I mean? Better late and all)—just who *wouldn't* appreciate a gift subscription to NR?"

Answer Ready

What do loyal readers have to do to get in on this special offer?

"I may be new, but I've already got the answer to *that* one, buddy!" Jennings retorted sharply. "All they have to do is use the card facing this page. Full details are revealed on that card. Complete instructions. They'll get what I mean—wrote it myself, and had it checked out for accuracy and clarity. They don't even need a stamp: rip it out, fill it in, mail it. Simple, easy and *smart*. We may never be able to repeat a bargain offer like this again. Even now, it's only good for 30 days. And we will remain firm on this deadline. Mark it on your calendar: midnight, June 30."

Your correspondent confronted Jennings with the rumor that NR intended to make this introductory gift offer a yearly event:

"That depends on how many people use the card facing this page *now*," Jennings shot back. "If they come through for us now, you can be pretty sure we won't let them down next year at gift time. Get what I mean?"

Char

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infiltrated from Zambia but trained in China—is moving toward a climax. If nothing comes of the current London-Salisbury pre-negotiations, force may take over, however many Council members abstain next time around.

Let's All Get Sick

Medicare was legally born last summer, after twenty years' gestation, as an amendment to the Social Security Act. This meant that it was conceived as an expansion of the social benefits already provided by the Act, the cost of which would be met by increased social security payments from employers and employees. Its benefits—hospitals, nursing homes, and out-patient care—were limited to persons sixty-five years or older. A second bill set up—in effect, a voluntary government insurance plan, again for persons sixty-five and over—to cover doctors' fees (with certain limitations), upon payment of $3 monthly by the subscriber and a matching payment from the government's general funds.

Conservative critics and many Liberal enthusiasts both predicted a) that these two measures were just a starter for a government medical system which would be extended sooner or later to the entire population; b) that the cost would prove vastly higher than the initial payment provision could handle; and c) that the Federal Government, as collector and distributor of the money, would inevitably intervene more and more intimately in all phases of medicine. Even before the official kickoff of Medicare (July 1), these predictions—which required only a modest minimum of prophetic gift—are being confirmed. What was not noticed last summer, or at any rate not anywhere publicized, was that one other simultaneous amendment to the Social Security Act—Title 19—had *already* put predictions a) and b) into law.

Title 19 was sponsored by Rep. Wilbur D. Mills (D., Ark.), and is an explosive enlargement of the Kerr-Mills Law which, ironically enough, was for a while the white hope of the American Medical Association as an alternative to Medicare. Title 19 states that the Federal Government will match any state 50-50 in paying for practically any medical service for all persons who are "medically indigent." This is a new term in bureaucratese. It is not equivalent to "indigent" or "poor." It means, by the terms of the amendment, everyone currently getting any sort of federally assisted aid *plus* all persons or families who may be getting along all right economically, but would find it a hardship to pay medical bills. More precise definition is left to the states—subject to negotiation, needless to say, with Washington.

Though Title 19 slipped into law without being noticed by the general public, it was too juicy by far to escape for very long the notice of state legislators. Seven states (California, Hawaii, Illinois, Minnesota, North Dakota, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania) and Puerto Rico had latched on to it by last month, and New York has just come aboard with the most grandiose application of all. (Twenty more states are expected to act before year's end.) A New York family with income up to $6,000 *after* taxes and insurance payments (a gross income, under some circumstances, up to $10,000), will be eligible for "Medicaid" benefits: which include, you'll be happy to learn, podiatric services, false teeth, physical therapy, glasses, X-rays, doctors, dentists, hospitalization and prosthetic appliances. It is believed that more than eight million New Yorkers will qualify.

The brief public hearings in Albany before Governor Rockefeller signed his Medicaid bill demonstrated that no one has the faintest idea how much the New York program will cost. (As for the cost to the Federal Government of its half of the national program: the Ways & Means Committee estimated $238 million for the first year; the federal share merely for the above-named seven states and Puerto Rico will in fact amount to more than $250 million; Gov. Rockefeller mentioned $217 million as the federal share for New York—but all these figures are pulled out of hats.) No one has the faintest idea how many persons will actually seek its benefits; nor what hospitals and doctors could deal with the rush if a large proportion of the eligibles did apply; nor what procedures can prevent the abuse of Title 19 (as of Medicare) by patients, doctors, bureaucratic empire builders, or families pleased to slough off responsibilities. Nor is there any assurance that all this massive, bureaucratized, administratively expensive mechanism will in truth make available to any appreciable number of persons any more or better medical care they have been able to get through the complex of private, charitable, and public medical services that have developed organically during the history of this country.

It may be that the United States has begun irrevocably the transformation of medicine into a "public service" available as "a right" to all citizens, and so guaranteed, and in at least considerable part financed, by—or, rather, through—the Federal Government. Even if this is the case, prudence surely recommends a more gradual, orderly and better plotted course than these reckless lurches. With Medicare starting half-prepared next month and the wholly uncharted Medicaid spreading like a flu epidemic, it will be a close thing if we avoid a medical crisis in the year ahead, and a sure thing that we are heading for a mountain of medical confusion.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Why Not an Anti-missile Missile?

Few Americans in public life have been more fiercely criticized than Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. I am inclined to believe that most of the attacks have been badly targeted. They have been directed against some of his basic decisions on weaponry: his change of the deterrent mix in favor of missiles over manned aircraft; his refusal to approve additional nuclear-powered warships; his selection of the TFX variable geometry plane; his refusal to put the Nike-X anti-missile missile system into production. (My own primary complaint concerns none of these hardware matters but, rather, McNamara's sentimental, cliché-ridden political ideas, most lately exhibited in his Toronto speech.)

Burnham

It has become almost impossible for a lay person, perhaps for anyone, to weigh all the pluses and minuses that ideally should determine the basic decisions about weaponry. There are too many variables, and too many *kinds* of variable: not only the mass of physical and technological fact, but the whole range of economic, political and psychological consequences, the estimates of enemy capabilities and responses, the attitudes and needs of allies, the repercussions on domestic opinion, the chance of unexpected technological breakthrough . . .: all of these raised to still greater orders of complication by the long lead-time (ten, fifteen, even twenty years) which almost guarantees that a new weapons system will be obsolescent before it is deployed. Judgment must be attempted, moreover, under the reeling impact of ruthless psywar campaigns mounted by the great defense corporations, military establishments and political factions. The most the ordinary citizen can do is to try to see the main line.

My impression—I would not call it anything more precise—is that the variable geometry principle (combined with the newly developed throttle for jet power) marks the third major quantum jump in the history of aircraft—the others being turbo-jet propulsion and that first jump into the air. If so, McNamara's selection of a plane so characterized seems correct even if this particular plane does not work out as efficiently as a rival might have done. Partly on similar grounds, his decision against more nuclear ships seems to me wrong: technologically it is retrogressive; tactically, it foregoes the advantage of the enormous cruising distance between fuelings. As for the missile aircraft ratio, any figure must be rather arbitrary. So long as the nation has a credible second-strike capability, the adopted answer will be sufficient even if not ideal; and this the United States has under the McNamara program *so far as hardware goes*. If our deterrent system is not credible, this is the result of such ideas as McNamara holds, along with many others of our leadership, not of a lack of weapons. But whether or not McNamara's specific choice in these cases is the best in the eyes of eternity, he does at any rate make a choice and carry it through. This is not least among the traits of a leader.

Anti-Anti-Missile Missiles

The anti-missile missile system (ABM system, it is often called) has been less discussed in public than the others, though it is no less important, and no less hackle-raising for confirmed anti-McNamarians. Superficially the issue seems to be too obvious to pose any problem. There is at hand, we are told from many quarters, an ABM system (the Nike-X system) that can knock out enemy nuclear missiles before they hit their targets. Why in the world, then, don't we put it into production, so that our cities, possessions and lives will be protected? It would be very expensive? McNamara himself says there might be 120 million casualties from a Soviet nuclear strike, which might seem to justify almost any expense for protection. The enemy would then develop his own ABM system?—indeed, there are rumors he may already be doing so? That's his problem. Let's at least defend our own lives, and then see if we can figure out how we might penetrate his defenses if the occasion arises.

Too Obvious to be True

All almost self-evident. But, to cite a few samples from the counter-brief: 1) The ABM system would be very *very* expensive. Twenty billion is the lowest named figure, and experience suggests that should be at least doubled. Several billions have been spent already on research and development. 2) Shelters would have to be added as an adjunct to protect the population against the fallout from our own anti-missile missiles as well as the missiles of the enemy; otherwise the ABM system would not be credible. Not only would this double or triple the cost; experience suggests that a shelter program is politically impossible. 3) There is no reason to think that the Nike-X system could be 100 per cent effective. But unless it were close to 100 per cent, it would not serve its strategic purpose, because a) missiles that got through—presumptively including the gigantic 50-100 megaton type possessed by the Soviet Union—would be enough to cause inacceptably large casualties: there would be no significant strategic, political or moral difference between 50 and 120 million casualties; and b) the enemy would counter much of the defensive improvement merely by increasing the number of his missiles and refining his deception and diversion tactics. And even if the system were 100 per cent effective against anything known today, that might not be the case when it would be ready for deployment seven or eight years from now—much less a decade or two thereafter.

So it's not so simple.

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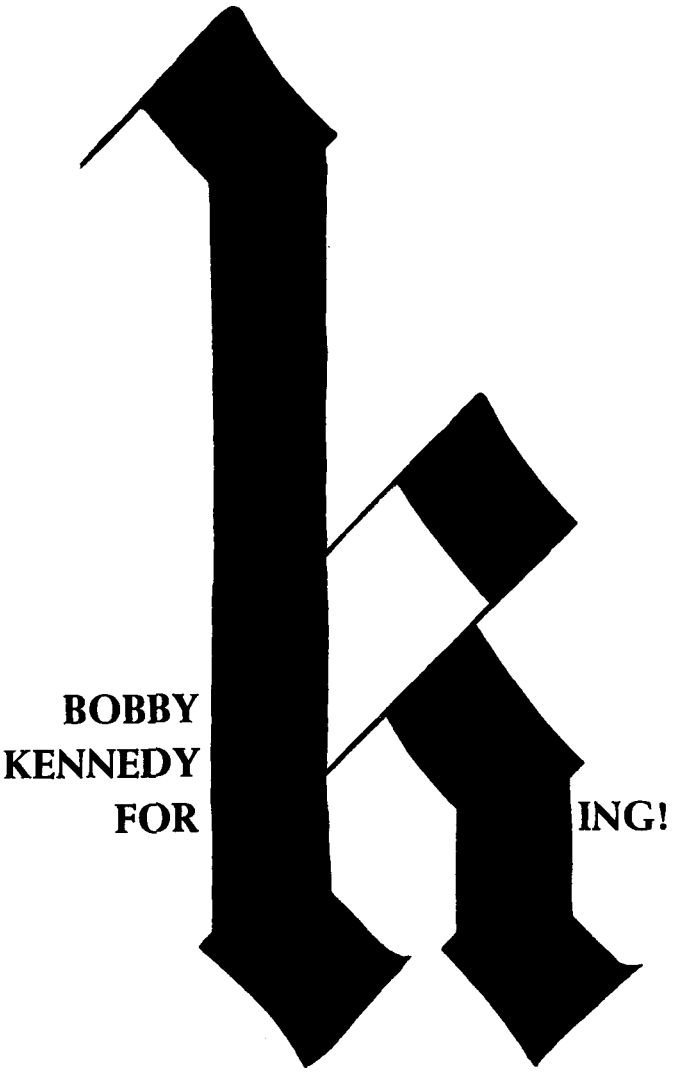

What this country needs besides another Edsel car,
Another Depression, another Crash, another Labor Czar,
Another epidemic of the Flu, another Alger Hiss,
Another Quake, another Clay, another March in Miss.
Another Betsy hurricane, another Imitation-Bing,
Is another King!

I know it was felt generally throughout the Thirteen Colonies
in those days that George III
Was a bird;
And I know it was held in those super-patriotic spells of
Lexington and Concord and all that jazz,
That inasmuch azz
We needed a crazy monarch like we needed a trip to the moon,
That we ought to give the reins of government to someone who
knew what he was doon,
Like G. Washington, T. Jefferson, or Jimmy Madison,
Men, in other words, who could keep their cotton pickin' heads
when the fadison
The fire.

But times have changed, Sire!
The people wanna King again!
They is achin' to hear those royal bells ring again!
'Sides, we just found out that Georgie wasn't cracked at all—
he was sick-sick.
And you can't tell me that anybody who can climb up a mountain
that quick-quick
Is anything but wealthy-healthy, Man,
And heir-apparent, fu'thermore, to just about everything in this
here lan.

You ask: But is he like George, or Tom, or Jim?
Now lissen carefully and I'll tell you somepin about Him:
Blessed are His mistakes! Royal are His boo-boos!
Right or wrong, the King! Fie on him who pooh-poohs!
Doth thou dare judge, oh thou of common station?
Hath not the poet said it? "It's hard not to be King when it's in
you and in the situation."

Johannes Eff

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Letter from Africa

The End of King Freddie

ELSPETH HUXLEY

And now, Uganda: no surprise. For years, pressure has been building up and the lid has blown off. Once more, the power-struggle: this time between the two-million-strong, united, intelligent and ambitious Baganda people under their hereditary ruler King Freddie on the one hand, and the rest of Uganda's seven millions, led by President Milton Obote, more or less on the other.

Elspeth Huxley

King Freddie—Sir Frederick Walugembe Mutesa II, the thirty-sixth Kabaka of Buganda—signed his own political death warrant when he instigated charges of corruption against the army commander, Colonel Idi Amin, one of Obote's right-hand men. One of the Kabaka's supporters accused the Colonel, and by implication his master Obote, of misappropriating for himself ivory and gold brought out of the Congo by one of the rebel "generals." Prime Minister (as he was then) Obote played it cool: denied the charge, appointed a judicial commission of enquiry and gave the Colonel a fortnight's leave. King Freddie, as well as being the Baganda's hereditary ruler, was also then the President of Uganda. In February Prime Minister Obote, by decree, deposed him, took over the Presidency and led his country to the familiar goal of the single-party dictator-state.

King Freddie took refuge in his hilltop palace at Mengo in Kampala, clearly a doomed man. Single-party states offer no future for defiant potentates. In his gilded youth as a Cambridge undergraduate, King Freddie had won a playboy's reputation; but his slight physique, his charming manners and his sophisticated way of life concealed a tough, resilient, cunning and courageous leader, and above all a Baganda nationalist.

The Baganda are not as others, or do not think they are. Clever, arrogant and tightly-knit, their history goes back five centuries and their armies, under a race of aristocrats, once conquered and oppressed most of the surrounding peoples in this fertile, banana-covered, steamy stretch of central Africa between the Great Lakes and the northern deserts. Milton Obote belongs to one of the northern tribes, the Lango, in Baganda eyes barbarians. Baganda reluctance to join with such barbarians on equal terms has been the *motif* of all Uganda's recent history.

In the days of British colonialism, it led to King Freddie's deportation by a nettled British Governor, his sojourn in London on a tax-free allowance of $25,000 a year, and his triumphal return two years later to Kampala to be greeted by the same Governor in gold braid and white plumes. Now, in the enlightened days of independence, it has led King Freddie to a last-ditch fight with his bodyguard on Mengo hill, to the end of the ancient kingdom of Baganda and to the final victory of Milton Obote. Colonel Amin, who commanded the troops attacking Mengo, has had his revenge.

In modern Africa, he who controls the army controls the state. In Uganda, President Obote controls the army, which is officered and manned almost entirely by non-Bagandans. Unless he loses this control his position seems secure. His personal safety may not be. There are likely to be sporadic outbursts of guerrilla warfare of which the outside world, insulated by a rigid censorship, will hear nothing; there will be constant tension; for the next few years Uganda should offer a good market to the makers of bullet-proof glass, armored cars and automatic weapons.

But the Baganda, a sophisticated people, are likely to fight President Obote mainly with political weapons. Previously they opposed his party, the Uganda Peoples' Congress, with a party of their own, the Kabaka Yekka. When it became clear that this must, in the Uganda parliament, be condemned to permanent opposition, some of the members crossed the floor of the house to join the UPC, by then clearly entrenched in permanent power. It was unlikely that they had experienced a Pauline conversion; rather had the technique of boring from within commended itself to them. Some have been bribed with office; will they stay bribed? No one knows. The President is a clever, ruthless, ambitious, fantastically hard-working man and a brilliant politician. On his side he has able and equally ruthless supporters. And on his plate some hard nuts to crack besides the suppression of the Baganda. His country is a Mecca for refugees who have poured in, and still do so, from the Congo on the one side, and on the other from the Sudan, where a government of Muslim northerners has driven into exile at least 100,000 quasi-Christian and pagan southerners, who claim racial affinity with Uganda's Negro and Nilotic peoples rather than with the semi-Arabs of their own country's north. On top of that there are still thousands of refugees from Burundi, mainly of the Watutsi people.

All in all, even though he has bloodily removed the main obstacle, President Obote's path along the crests of power cannot be a smooth one. But smoothness is not a characteristic of the current African scene. The events of May 24/25 demonstrate how rebellions are suppressed in Africa and this, undoubtedly, is how African leaders think the so-called rebellion in Rhodesia should be dealt with. Since almost every African army is at full stretch, or beyond it, trying to keep order within its own country, threats to march against the white Rhodesians are so manifestly hollow that even the Organization of African Unity has given up uttering them. It is British troops, or others brought in by the United Nations, who must do the mowing down. ("Blood must be spilt," has decreed President Kaunda of Zambia.) In countries where order rests on force, there is little sympathy for the more effete who would find this exercise distasteful.

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The Mental Health Ethic

Dr. Szasz raises serious objections to the trend toward 'community psychiatry' and asks whether it isn't being used to stress social conformity

THOMAS S. SZASZ

"Community psychiatry" is simply mental health care provided by the community through public funds — rather than by the individual or by voluntary groups through private funds. It is as old as the practice of psychiatry in America. (In most other countries, too, psychiatry began as a community enterprise and never ceased to function in that role.)

However, fresh as the term "community psychiatry" is, many psychiatrists freely admit that it is just another slogan in the profession's unremitting campaign to sell itself to the public. It is praised and recommended as if it were some novel medical advance which promises to revolutionize the "treatment" of the "mentally ill." I shall not here attempt an historical study of our subject. Let it suffice to note the specific forces that launched psychiatry as a discrete movement or discipline. These forces are of two kinds—one political, the other psychiatric.

The social policies of modern interventionist Liberalism, launched by Franklin D. Roosevelt in this country, received powerful reinforcement during the Presidency of John F. Kennedy. President Kennedy's Message to Congress on "Mental Illness and Mental Retardation" (February 5, 1963) reflects this spirit. Although the care of the hospitalized mentally ill has been traditionally a welfare-state operation—carried out through the facilities of the various state Departments of Mental Hygiene and the Veterans Administration—he advocated an even broader program, supported by public funds. Said the President: "I propose a national mental health program to assist in the inauguration of a wholly new emphasis and approach to care for the mentally ill. . . . Government at every level — federal, state, and local — private foundations and individual citizens must all face up to their responsibilities in this area." We are told that the promotion of "community mental health" is so complex a problem that it requires the intervention of the government—but that the individual citizen is responsible for its success.

Community psychiatry is barely off the drawing board; its nature and achievements are but high-flown phrases and utopian promises. Indeed, perhaps the only thing clear about it is its hostility to the psychiatrist in private practice who ministers to the individual patient. He is depicted as one engaged in a nefarious activity. Reflecting on the future social role of the psychiatrist, one member hoped the profession would come to be dominated by a new breed with a fresh set of bogies ("not the stereotypes and straw men of the old AMA private entrepreneurs").

Mental Health Bureaucracy

In the leading textbook of community psychiatry, *Principles of Preventive Psychiatry* (1964), Gerald Caplan describes a system of bureaucratic psychiatry in which more and more psychiatrists do less and less actual work with so-called patients. The community psychiatrist's principal role is to be a "mental health consultant"; this means that he talks to people, who talk to other people, and finally someone talks to, or has some sort of contact with, someone who is considered actually or potentially "mentally ill." (This scheme works in conformity with Parkinson's [1957] Law: the expert at the top of the pyramid is so important and so "busy" that he needs a huge army of subordinates to help him; and his subordinates need a huge army of second-order subordinates; and so on.)

According to Caplan, a main task of the community psychiatrist is to provide more and better "sociocultural supplies" to people. It is not clear what these supplies are. For example, "the mental health specialist" is described as someone who "offers consultation to legislators and administrators and collaborates with other citizens in influencing governmental agencies to change laws and regulations." In plain English, a lobbyist for the mental health bureaucracy.

Caplan emphasizes that he is not advocating government by psychiatrists, but he is aware that the psychiatrist may thus become the agent or spokesman of certain political or social groups. He disposes of the problem by declaring that each psychiatrist must make this decision for himself, and that his book is not addressed to those who wish to provide services for special interest groups, but rather to "those who direct their efforts primarily to the reduction of mental disorder in our communities." But he admits that the distinction between psychiatrists who exploit their professional knowledge in the service of an organization and "those who work in the organization in order to achieve the goals of their profession" is not that simple in practice. For example, commenting on the role of consulting psychiatrists in the Peace Corps, he blandly observes that their success "is not unassociated with the fact that they were able to wholeheartedly accept the major goals of that organization, and their enthusiasm was quickly perceived by its leaders." But there is no satisfactory answer to the dangers posed by an excess of "enthusiasm" on the part of a naive or unscrupulous psychiatrist in such a position.

On the psychiatrist's proper role in the medical clinics of his community (specifically in relation to his function in a baby clinic, seeing a mother who has a "disturbed" relationship

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with her child), Caplan writes: "If the preventive psychiatrist can convince the medical authorities in the clinics that his operations are a logical extension of traditional medical practice, his role will be sanctioned by all concerned, including himself."

But this is precisely what I regard as the central question: Is so-called mental health work "a logical extension of traditional medical practice," either preventive or curative? I say it is not a logical but a rhetorical extension of it. In other words, the practice of mental health education and community psychiatry is not medical practice, but moral suasion and political coercion.

Mental health and illness are but new words for describing moral values. More generally, the semantics of the mental health movement is but a new vocabulary for promoting a particular kind of secular ethic.

Conformity or Rebellion?

This view may be supported in several ways. Here I shall try to do so by citing the opinions expressed by the members of the World Federation of Mental Health in the monograph, *Mental Health and Value Systems,* edited by Kenneth Soddy (1962).

In the first chapter, the authors candidly acknowledge that "mental health is associated with principles dependent upon the prevailing religion or ideology of the community concerned."

There then follows a review of the various concepts of mental health proposed by different workers. For example, in Soddy's opinion, "a healthy person's response to life is without strain; his ambitions are within the scope of practical realization; etc. . . ." For another writer mental health "demands good interpersonal relations with oneself, with others, and with God"—a definition that would neatly place all atheists in the class of the mentally sick.

The authors consider the vexing problem of the relation between social adaption and mental health. They succeed admirably in evading the problem which they claim to be tackling: "Mental health and social adaption are not identical . . . [This] can be illustrated by the fact that few people would regard a person who had become better adjusted as a result of leaving home and moving into a different society as having thereby become mentally healthy. . . . In the past, and still today in some societies, adaptation to society has tended to be highly valued . . . as a sign of mental health; and failure to adapt has been even more strongly regarded as a sign of mental ill-health. . . . There are occasions and situations in which, from the point of view of mental health, rebellion and nonconformity may be far more important than social adaption." No criteria are given for distinguishing, "from the point of view of mental health," the situations to which we ought to conform from those against which we ought to rebel.

There is much more of this kind of sanctimonious foolishness. Thus, we are told that "while it is unlikely that agreement could be reached on the proposition that all 'bad' people are mentally unhealthy, it might be possible to agree that no 'bad' person could be said to have the highest possible level of mental health, and that many 'bad' people are mentally unhealthy." But the problems of who is to decide who the 'bad' people are, and by what means they are to decide, are glossed over. This evasion of the reality of conflicting ethics in the world as it exists is the most outstanding feature of this study. Perhaps one of the aims of propounding a fuzzy, yet comprehensive, mental health ethic is to maintain this denial. Indeed, the true goal of the community psychiatrist seems to be to replace a clear political vocabulary with an obscure psychiatric semantic, and a pluralistic system of moral values with a singularistic mental health ethic. Here is an example of the way this is accomplished:

"Our view"—again to quote the monograph—"is that the assumption of an attitude of superiority by one social group towards another is not conducive to the mental health of either group." Some simplistic comments about the Negro problem in America then follow. No doubt, the sentiment here expressed is admirable. But the real problems of psychiatry are bound up not with abstract groups but with concrete individuals. Yet nothing is said about actual relations between people—for example, between adults and children, doctors and patients, experts and clients; and how, in these various situations, the attainment of a relationship that is both egalitarian and functional requires the utmost skill and effort of all concerned (and may, in some cases, be impossible to realize).

Self-revealing as the mental health ethicist is when he discusses mental health and illness, his moral stance is even clearer when he discusses psychiatric treatment. Indeed, the promoter of mental health now emerges as a social engineer on the grand scale: he will be satisfied with nothing less than gaining license to export his own ideology to a world market.

The authors begin their discussion of the promotion of mental health by noting the "resistances" against it: "The principles underlying success in attempts to alter cultural conditions *in the interests of mental health,* and the hazards of such attempts, are very important considerations for practical mental health work. . . . The introduction of change in a community may be subject to conditions not unlike those which obtain in the case of *the child.* . . ." (My emphasis —T. S.) We recognize here the familiar medical-psychiatric model of human relations: the client is like the ignorant child who must be "protected," if need be autocratically and without his consent, by the expert who is like the omnicompetent parent.

'Experts' Impose Value-Change

The mental health worker who subscribes to this point of view and engages in this kind of work adopts a condescending attitude toward his (unwilling) clients: he regards them, at best, as stupid children in need of education, and, at worst, as evil criminals in need of correction. All too often he seeks to impose value-change through fraud and force, rather than through truth and example. In brief, he does not practice what he preaches. The egalitarian-loving attitude toward one's fellow man, which the mental health worker is so eager to export to the "psychiatrically underdeveloped" areas of the world, seems to be in rather short supply everywhere. Or are we to overlook the relations in the United States between white and black, or psychiatrist and involuntary patient?

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The authors are not wholly oblivious to these difficulties. But they seem to think it sufficient to acknowledge their awareness of such problems. For example, after commenting on the similarities between Chinese brainwashing and involuntary psychiatric treatment, they write:

"The term brainwashing has . . . been applied with unfortunate connotations to psychotherapeutic practice *by those who are hostile to it.* We consider that the lesson of this needs to be taken to heart by all who are responsible for securing psychiatric treatment of non-volitional patients. The use of compulsion or deceit will almost certainly *appear to those who are unfriendly or frightened of* the aims of psychotherapy, to be wicked." (My emphasis—T. S.)

The "benevolent" despot, whether political or psychiatric, does not like to have his benevolence questioned. If it is, he resorts to the classic tactic of the oppressor: he tries to silence his critic, and, if this fails, he tries to degrade him. The psychiatrist accomplishes this by calling those who disagree with him "hostile" or "mentally ill." Here we are told that if a person admits to the similarities between brainwashing and involuntary psychiatric treatment he is, ipso facto, *hostile* to psychotherapy.

The statement about "the lessons . . . to be taken to heart by all who are *responsible* for securing psychiatric treatment of non-volitional patients" (emphasis added) requires special comment. The language used implies that involuntary mental patients exist in nature—whereas, in fact, they are created, partly by psychiatrists. Thus, after raising the vexing problem of involuntary psychiatric treatment the authors fail to deal with it in a clear and forthright manner; instead, they impugn the emotional health and moral intentions of those who would dare to look at the problem critically.

This antagonism to a critical examination of his doctrines and methods may be necessary for the mental health worker, just as it is for the missionary or the politician: the aim of each is to conquer souls or minds, not to understand human problems. Let us not forget the dangers of trying to understand another person: the effort invites disproof of one's views and questioning of one's beliefs. The thoughtful person who is content to teach by the example of his own conduct must always be ready to acknowledge error and to change his ways. But this is not what the mental health worker wants: he does not want to change his ways, but those of others.

In an analysis of the mental hygiene movement written thirty years ago, Kingsley Davis suggested this and more. Commenting on the "family clinic," Davis observed that such agencies offer not medical treatment but moral manipulation: "Before one can cure such patients, one must alter their purpose; in short, one must operate not on their anatomy, but on their system of values." The trouble is, of course, that people usually do not want to alter their goals—they want to attain them. As a result, "only those clients whose ends correspond to socially sanctioned values may be expected to come voluntarily to such a clinic. Other troubled persons whose wishes are opposed to accepted values, will stay away; they can be brought in only through force or fraud." Nor did Davis shrink from stating what many knew but few dared articulate—namely, that "many clients are lured to family clinics by *misrepresentation.*" Similarly, many more are lured to state mental hospitals and community-sponsored clinics. Today's community psychiatry programs are, in my opinion at least, a fresh attempt to revitalize and expand the old mental hygiene industry.

In the first place, there is a new advertising campaign: mental health education is an effort to lure unsuspecting persons into becoming clients of the community mental health services. Then, having created a demand—or, in this case, perhaps merely the appearance of one—the industry expands: this takes the form of steadily increasing expenditures for existing mental hospitals and clinics and for creating new, more highly automated factories, called "community mental health centers."

The implications of the vast and expanding involvement of the government in mental health care have, I think, been insufficiently appreciated. Moreover, whatever problems stem from government control of mental hospital care, these difficulties are connected with a logically antecedent problem: What is the aim of the care provided? It does not help to say that it is to transform the mentally sick into the mentally healthy. We have seen that the terms "mental health" and "mental sickness" designate ethical values and social performances. The mental hospital system thus serves, however covertly, to promote certain values and performances, and to suppress others. Which values are promoted and which suppressed depends, of course, on the nature of the society sponsoring the "health" care. In America, when the ideology of totalitarianism is promoted as fascism or Communism, it is coldly rejected. However, when the same ideology is promoted under the guise of mental health care, it is warmly embraced. It thus seems possible that where fascism and Communism have failed to collectivize American society, the mental health ethic may yet succeed.

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Why Colors Run

The first to call the coward yellow
Can not have known that bravest fellow
Who forced his blade up through the chill
And frozen earth—the Daffodil.
No more descriptive is the hue
Man gives to sadness—calls it Blue.
Anchusa, chicory and flax
Attest his glossary is lax.
(Those who would further rhapsodize
Will want to mention seas and skies.)
Dianthus, or the garden Pink,
Is used, we grieve to say, to link
The color of that fragrant spice
With ideologies not nice,
While Bleedingheart (Dicentra) now
Mourns causes that we disavow.
Mention of Red makes many wonder
Who's got in bed with whom, or under.
To guilt association shun
No wonder then that colors run.

ELIZABETH MANNING

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The Great Liberal Death-Wish

The famous British author and iconoclast asks: Won't Liberalism, in the long run, have raised more havoc than Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Bishop of Woolwich the other day quoted some observations I had made to the effect that Liberalism (in its general, not particular, sense) would be seen historically as the great destructive force of our time, and its exponents—the Gilbert Murrays, Eleanor Roosevelts, Bertrand Russells, etc., etc.—as far outdoing Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler in the havoc they made. To the Bishop this notion was so extravagantly and intrinsically absurd that it must, he contended, be considered as automatically invalidating any views I might hold or express on any subject. To me, on the other hand, it is so obvious as to be incontrovertible.

Hitler, Stalin Forgotten

Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler, after all, have had no lasting impact. Nothing remains of them today except the memory of their murderous buffoonery, of the crazy megalomania which governed their utterances and actions. As we now see, they were men of insignificant attainments, who, partly as a result of the excessive adulation they received (often from reputable, but deluded, Liberal intellectuals like Shaw and the Webbs), and the too easy successes they were able to pull off (often by making monkeys of eminent Liberal statesmen like President Roosevelt), ended up more or less demented. Mussolini was publicly hanged; Stalin, having intimated that he was about to embark on yet one more orgy of insensate terrorism, was either secretly done to death or mysteriously died, to be discredited and repudiated by his successors; Hitler committed suicide, leaving his corpse to be set on fire. Not one of the three has bequeathed anything which could possible enthuse, or even much interest, posterity.

Liberalism and its exponents, on the other hand, have carried all before them. It is the dominant ideology of our time, and accepted as such in the most successful nations of the twentieth century; notably, of course, in the United States. If the world today is in a mess, if the last decades have been characterized by unprecedented cruelty, bloodshed and destruction, then, it would seem to me, the triumphant spirit of Liberalism must be held responsible rather than the authoritarianism against which it has so ardently, and by and large successfully, crusaded.

How, I often ask myself, will future historians (assuming there are any) be able to relate the ostensible enlightenment and benevolence of Liberal attitudes with the chicanery and brutality which have so often accompanied their application? Why, they are bound to ask themselves, should this alluring and amiable view of life seem to have led infallibly to its own negation instead of a brotherhood, a collectivity; instead of a rainbow, a sinister mushroom cloud across the sky, with no crock of gold where it ends, only an H-bomb? How did it come about that the pursuit of peace led to ever more ferocious wars, of happiness to ever larger and more crowded psychiatric wards, of knowledge to ever greater credulity and vacuity, of security to an ever intensifying sense of helplessness and loss of identity, of affluence to ever mounting indebtedness, of health to the consumption of ever more pills and potions? Under the aegis of Liberalism we were all to become citizens of a kingdom of Heaven on earth. Can even the Bishop of Woolwich regard our present circumstances as a satisfactory realization of this hope?

The readiest explanation in years to come of this so evident contradiction between the objectives and consequences of Liberalism is likely, I should have thought, to be that, despite its seemingly sanguine and benevolent character, Liberalism in reality represented a collective death-wish. Like individuals, civilizations in decline consciously or unconsciously want to be extinguished; Liberalism is the primrose path to extinction. There is a story (probably apocryphal) that in the days of the Third Reich a Nazi procession included a contingent of Liberal intellectuals bearing the banner: "Down With Us!" Had they but known it, they were speaking on behalf of all Liberals everywhere.

Freudian Guts

One can easily see how plausible this death-wish hypothesis would be. For instance, take the case of universal suffrage democracy: a Liberal product if ever there was one. In retrospect it will seem obvious that no device could have been more calculated to discredit and destroy the whole concept of representative government, as some perceptive observers like de Tocqueville clearly understood when it was first put in hand. We, in any case, should need no convincing, having seen how easily the theory of one-man-one-vote turns into the practice of dictatorship—whether in the Anglo-American style of the all-powerful party machine fortified by mass-communication media, or in the Communist style, and its variants in former colonial territories, of the one-party state fortified by terrorism. In the light of these developments it will surely seem to posterity that only minds consumed with a death-wish would go on recommending the application of such a formula to newly independent African states where it could not but result in the substitution of black bully-boys for the dispossessed white ones.

Then again, take self-determination, another famous Liberal shibboleth. Its consequences, as Dr. John-

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son said of the plot of *Cymbeline,* defy criticism because it is impossible to criticize unresisting imbecility. India grotesquely partitioned; tiny entities and enclaves, fraudulent states like "Nationalist" China and Outer Mongolia, masquerading as independent sovereignties; a whole proliferation of non-nations, economically, geographically, ethnically and politically unviable, and all equipped with a flag, a national anthem, an airline and other insignia of independence. No balanced mind, our future Trevor-Roper or A. J. P. Taylor will plausibly conclude, could possibly entertain the ludicrous notion of an effective international assembly comprising these non-nations, and called—a characteristic Liberal touch—the United Nations. The true, if perhaps unconscious, purpose must have been to reduce to absurdity any project for a world order, and so ensure that nothing of the kind should come to pass when it was most needed.

Yet again, consider the application of Liberalism to human behavior, and the resultant so-called "permissive" morality. No subversive conspirator could hope to produce more doubt, confusion, and ultimately moral paralysis, than do Liberal attitudes like the Bishop of Woolwich's to the *Lady Chatterley* case and the Archbishop of Canterbury's to the Wolfenden Report. Such attitudes may, for all I know, be justified in the light of Anglican Christianity; they may even be admirable in the eyes of an Anglican Deity, though I find difficulty in believing that any of His past accredited spokesmen on earth like St. Paul would have found them other than abhorrent. What, however, seems to me self-evident is that their ultimate effect is to blow sky-high the whole edifice of moral propositions on which our civilization has hitherto been based. Nietzsche, no Liberal, announced that God was dead; the same Deity's Liberal ministrants today seek to confute Nietzsche by stuffing an empty skin with Freudian entrails.

In the same sort of way, Liberalism spells the death of art. Picasso is reported to have said—and he, if anyone, ought to know—that contemporary art, having nothing any longer to resist, is just guttering out. It is a candle made of plastic wax with no wick. Likewise, the Joycean incoherence of *Finnegans Wake* has been carried further by writers like Burroughs and Beckett into a total nothingness of words. The great Liberal death-wish encompasses the final extinction of meaning itself. *Fiat Nox.*

I used to feel something of this years ago when I worked in one of the citadels of Liberalism—the *Manchester Guardian.* There, nightly, we assiduously and self-righteously projected a Liberal legend wherein wiser counsels prevailed, moderate men of all shades of opinion drew together, and all the light of reason and good sense was seen at the end of the tunnel. Even then I sensed some cruel fallacy, some unbridgeable gap between what actually went on in the world and the hopes we entertained about it; dimly realizing that truth could be the greatest lie, objectivity the grossest bias, and benevolence the worst cruelty.

In Moscow the spectacle took a macabre turn. Ah! those Quakers, purest of heart, whose dreams all came true in the shadow of Lubianka Prison, those estimable clergymen passing, bright-eyed, through the anti-God museums, those Fabians discovering in Stalin the very personification of the inevitability of gradualness. How to explain it except that the Quakers, without knowing it, were sick of peace, the clergymen of God and the Fabians of gradualness. It was Liberalism, not God, that had died. Nietzsche had confused the two.

Orwell, in his enchanting fable *Animal Farm,* in his brilliant analysis of double-speak and double-think as projected by the Ministry of Truth (based, as he told me, not on a Nazi or Fascist or Soviet model, but on the BBC), worked it all out superbly in imaginative detail. He made only one mistake. He envisaged the nightmare as being imposed by ruthlessly efficient power-maniacs, not realizing that it had been born and nourished in the finest, most civilized and most humane minds of our time, including his own. For our Dark Ages, it is we ourselves who are turning out the lights, fondly supposing that we are turning them on.

I must not pray in school.
I must not pray in school.
I must not pray in school.
I must not pray in school.
I must not pray in school.
SAV.

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Letter from Russia

Soviet Tourist Traps

L. M. TAUBINGER

"Foreign tourism," says V. M. Ankudinov, head of the new Soviet Foreign Tourist Department, "is a powerful means of strengthening peace and good neighborly relations." The Soviet Union, he continued, offers hospitality to all who come with a "sincere desire to understand the aspirations of its people." According to Mr. Ankudinov, 6.5 million tourists have visited Russia since visitors were first allowed in in 1956, ten years ago. Last year, one million foreigners traveled to the USSR. By 1968, the Soviet Union plans to build 70 new Intourist hotels, 40 motels, 20 camp sites in 40 major tourist centers.

It all seems very inviting. But the casual visitor to the Soviet Union should be eternally on his guard because Big Brother is ever watching him. The KGB's interest in foreign tourists is nothing new; it is in the tradition of exaggerated suspicion with which all Russian governments, including those of the Czars, have always regarded foreigners. One entire department of the KGB is concerned exclusively with checking on non-satellite foreign tourists traveling in the USSR. Other KGB departments are charged with watching over other kinds of foreigners such as businessmen, diplomats, visiting delegations and journalists. The KGB's purpose is threefold: 1) counter-espionage and the recruitment of its own agents from among foreign tourists, 2) isolating the Soviet population from "contamination" by Western "bourgeois" ideas, and 3) ensuring that foreigners see only what they are meant to see and obtain a favorable or at least positive impression of life in the Soviet Union. To these ends the KGB has developed an elaborate and extensive system of surveillance which permits it to oversee all points of contact between foreign tourists and Soviet citizens. Nationals from Soviet bloc countries greatly outnumber tourists from the West; they are also strictly supervised but more openly and without apology.

To carry out its surveillance the KGB employs around 1,000 agents against Western foreigners alone. In addition it employs about thirty foreign agents, mostly owners or employees of foreign travel agencies which handle travel to the USSR. In addition the KGB can call upon 600 or more "trusted persons," including prominent figures in Soviet life, among them leading scientists and other professional people. While such people are not fully trained agents, they are usually of high calibre and have good access to tourists; often they are of considerably more use to the KGB than the trained regular agents.

Besides those in its direct employ, the KGB has authority over, and directs the work of, any other organizations that may have contacts with foreign tourists. They include KGB directorates in all republics and districts, each with its own network of agents; Intourist, including all its local branches; Aeroflot and railway personnel; the KPPs (Passport Control Points) of the border guards; hotels, restaurants, camp-sites, sanatoriums, museums and other enterprises which serve foreign tourists; also the Communist Youth League and the *druzhiniki,* plain-clothes volunteer temporary policemen. The main task of the latter is to reduce contacts between foreigners and Soviet citizens and to report such contacts as do take place.

Special clandestine equipment of an up-to-date and sophisticated nature is in use. These include instruments for mail censorship, secret writing, phone-tapping as well as other forms of listening, photographic and optical surveillance devices. In Moscow all Intourist hotels are now equipped with such devices—microphones, two-way mirrors, etc.—and more are to be added in the future. Listening devices are also widely used in the Intourist restaurants where certain tables may be "miked" in readiness for especially interesting tourists.

The KGB pays particular attention to certain categories of tourists. These include any who are suspected to be intelligence agents of foreign powers, any who may have access to information of value to the KGB and any who, for one reason or another, are vulnerable to KGB pressure or inducements, and might be recruited as agents for KGB work abroad. Such people become objects of intense observation by the KGB organs and all the agencies linked with them wherever they go in the Soviet Union. Reports on them will be obtained from every Soviet citizen with whom they have contact; hotel staffs, train conductors, Intourist guides, even from the *stilyagi* (beatniks) who approach the traveler with an offer to buy his sports jacket.

In recruiting a tourist for the KGB, blackmail, playing on the fears and weaknesses of the victims, is generally preferred to the direct approach along ideological lines, which experience shows seldom works. The methods most frequently employed are, in order: sexual compromise, including homosexual compromise; charges of espionage (usually photography); currency speculation; and black marketeering.

The KGB is seldom in a hurry to act against its intended tourist victim. A traveler may make several trips to the USSR before any attempt is made to frame him (or her) or, if he has already compromised himself in some way, before the screws are put on him. The KGB watches carefully those tourists who deviate from the prescribed Intourist program, keep irregular hours, or try to make contacts with ordinary Russians on their own. Any such traveler should realize he is drawing the immediate attention of the KGB to himself.

It was undoubtedly to awaken Soviet citizens to the dangers of associating with foreigners and to demonstrate the effectiveness of KGB methods that Soviet authorities in recent years openly staged the Penkovsky-Wynne trial, told their own people of the espionage career of Col. Rudolph Abel, and just last month arrested and sentenced to what turned out to be death, the young American teacher Newcomb Mott.

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Letter from the Continent

The NATO Trouble: Immaturity

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

NATO is steering into deep waters, its troubles largely, though not solely, caused by Charles de Gaulle's decision to leave the alliance. As a close observer of the French President since the nineteen twenties, I have identified three fundamental aspects of de Gaulle's mind which determine his political thought and action: 1) his peculiar inflexibility over the last 40 years; 2) his detachment from the pledges he himself has made,

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

characteristic of either the extremely arrogant or the inwardly insecure man; and, 3) his *amour-propre,* i.e. egotism, vanity, or pride. This last carries the important concomitant that he is easily offended and most unforgiving, raising the question whether de Gaulle is truly arrogant. Normally it is very difficult to wound the susceptibilities of a genuinely arrogant person; such a man is usually generous, quick to forgive and forget.

In point of international politics, de Gaulle confuses the picture by fitting rather neatly into the current leftist pattern, while having been considered for so much of his career as a man of the Right. He is a former *Action Française* man; his World War I experiences convinced him of the insidious effectiveness of leftist propaganda; he is and always was a practicing Catholic. (His father, a nobleman of ancient lineage, was history professor at the *Institut Catholique.*) Yet de Gaulle can be totally unscrupulous when it suits his purpose, be that personal or national; vindictive and rancorous, he will sacrifice everybody and everything to achieve his ends. Some fascinating speculation on the reasoning behind his behavior toward Anglo-Saxons is contained in Robert J. Murphy's book *Diplomat Among Warriors*: since FDR is no longer alive, suggests Mr. Murphy, de Gaulle's resentment against him is being taken out on Lyndon Johnson. Churchill negotiated with Pétain behind de Gaulle's back and today's British leaders must answer for it. The Germans and Russians caused him little trouble as the exiled and bitter leader of the Free French, so he has extended his hand to them. But when Ludwig Erhard departed from the Adenauer policy, de Gaulle had to teach him a lesson. The Soviets did not penitently fall on his neck when he pointed out their faults; he recognized Peking. The Americans negotiated over his head with the Soviets and did not admit him to the Atomic Club, so he will make a pilgrimage to Moscow.

De Gaulle's logic always works with precision — he has a truly French, a Cartesian mind, vulnerable to the nasty intricacies of history in the making. He is unbending, and therefore liable to break. Of course, the local ground across which he moves is solid under him: it's France, and he knows it well. He holds a monopoly. He is the great *pis-aller* of a great nation: unloved but wanted, unpopular but voted for, often hated but always endured.

Not the Only One

The moral, though not political, excuse one hears for de Gaulle is his conviction that Russian Communism is no longer a menace, that the Soviet Union has peaceful aims in Europe. While de Gaulle has at his service a well functioning information network in Eastern Europe, he is nonetheless liable to make serious errors, particularly in timing; and, given a leader of such rigidity, a decision that is well taken today easily crystallizes into the untenable policy of tomorrow.

I agree with de Gaulle that Russian Communism is in a deep, perhaps even fatal, crisis but he is dangerously premature in writing the Soviet Union off. People sick unto death have been known to do enormous amounts of damage, and a wild beast in agony does the most unexpected things. (A "cornered" and economically bankrupt Japan attacked at Pearl Harbor; the Third Reich in its military decline committed the vilest atrocities; France in her worst inner political crisis started the Franco-Prussian War.)

De Gaulle's present policies may well have repercussions which he cannot now envisage. The National Democratic Party's gain in the recent German elections highlights the danger of a new Rapallo which would be poetic justice after de Gaulle's flirtation with the Russians. And NATO minus France means much less depth in European defense. This, in turn, portends a greater likelihood of atomic, as opposed to traditional or classic, warfare.

Sharing the Blame

But it is not possible to lay the entire blame for the disruption of NATO and the slow growth of European unity at de Gaulle's door. Bonn is not entirely innocent, nor are Washington, the Hague, London and Rome. Premier Salazar of Portugal recently went on record as saying that NATO obligations, in the letter or in the spirit, were only too often cynically disregarded. His lament is certainly very much to the point, and it is moreover significant that it comes from "Britain's Oldest Ally."

Of course, the United Kingdom did not lift a finger to aid Portugal in her hour of need in Goa, and now Prime Minister Wilson threatens foreign ships unloading oil in the harbor of Mozambique because this oil may eventually reach Rhodesia. His invocation of the UN apart, the point is that inside NATO certain powers are as busy undermining this most crucially important defense organization as is Monsieur de Gaulle, prompted by his *ressentiments.* Similar feelings were in evidence when certain smaller NATO members prevented the inclusion of Spain—a country strategically of the greatest importance. Lack of maturity is not confined to retired generals; it can be found in socialist prime ministers as well.

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April in Vichy

ALEC WAUGH

Late March and early April—too early for sunbathing and too late for skiing—are not the best times for a European holiday. You cannot guarantee good weather north of the Atlas mountains. I picked Vichy because I like places out of season; I do not mean by that places at a time when their residents are itching to be away—London in February, Bangkok in July—but places which climatically would be attractive were it not fashionable to be somewhere else—the West Indies in early summer, for example.

The Grand Casino in Vichy does not open until May. The full season is from mid-June to mid-September. But it is in the very middle of France. The weather is as likely to be clement there as anywhere in early April. Moreover I was curious to see what it was like out of season. Three years ago I passed the first two weeks of August there. It was very gay. Vichy has the artificial elegance of *La Belle Époque*. The ironware covering over the promenade that runs around the *ancien parc* was constructed by Napoleon III so that the Empress Eugenie should not get wet on her way from the casino to the pumproom. The waters of Vichy are particularly efficacious for disorders of the liver, and *maladie de foie* is the chief occupational hazard of *la haute cuisine*. Five separate thermal springs bubble round the park. Each curist, medically recommended a certain series and quantity of waters, dangles from his wrist a small wicker basket containing a glass marked off in grams. There is a smooth atmosphere of parade during the hours before lunch and dinner when the curists saunter or sit under the trees beside the flower beds, sipping the hot salt waters, listening to music.

Vichy, as befits the chief spa in France, provides all the distractions that the Edwardians demanded—baccarat, cabarets, concerts, theater, ballet, opera; it also strikes a modern note in its insistence on the therapeutic properties of sport. Not only is there a golf club, a race course, a sporting club, a riding school, but a dam across the Allier has converted a river into a lake where international skating championships are held. The two summer weeks I spent there were animated with an hour-to-hour eventfulness. What would it be like in April?

I expected it to have, slightly, the air of a ghost town and in a way it had. The grand casino was closed. Three-quarters of the big hotels were shuttered. There was no music in the park, there were no chairs under the trees: the flowers were not in blossom. There were no trim waitresses

behind the stone barriers of the pumprooms to measure out the curist's allowance of *hôpital* or *chomel* water. There were no preprandial parades. But even so the general routine of recuperation was in progress. Liver disorders do not discontinue because a spa is out of season. The springs were still bubbling and splashing under their glass domes, with their waters running out of taps at which any one could fill a glass or bottle; and though the large municipal massage building was not open, a private clinic was. Under the instructions of a doctor, I placed myself under its authority.

If one is going to a spa it is silly not to take a cure, even if one has nothing particular wrong with one, and as far as I know, I am afflicted by nothing more serious than the diminished capacities of advancing years. The sipping of the waters before lunch and dinner, and the daily *douche de Vichy* where one is massaged under a cascade of water and then sprayed from a hose provides the day with a ritual of routine. Waters that have been approved for two thousand years can scarcely not be beneficial, and it is reassuring as one lies under the shower on one's fourth day to recognize that one's limbs can now be cajoled without discomfort into positions that they have not occupied for twenty years.

S. N. Behrman once said, "If you have done three hours writing, the rest of the day takes care of itself," and I assumed that at Vichy, with the cure taking the place of the three hours at my desk, I should occupy myself with activities for which I had been unable to find time during the crowded season. There was for instance the Valery Larbaud cultural center. Valery Larbaud, a cosmopolitan literary figure during the first forty years of the present century, gave his entire collection of books and manuscripts to Vichy. It is a remarkable collection. I could willingly have spent there many more hours than I did. Then there are the language courses at the audio-visual center where students are instructed by means of talking films in which the ear gets accustomed to new sounds and the mouth to the pronouncing of them. There were also excursions into the country, in particular to La Palisse, whose *château* I had often noticed, as a charabanc swept me past it on the way to the Riviera. I had never realized that it was so close to Vichy. That can happen very easily in France. Roads radiate out from Paris. One does not realize what lies between the roads.

In one way my fortnight in Vichy turned out as I had anticipated, and as I had hoped it would. I had a happy, healthy, but self-indulgent time. The trout and salmon in the Allier are at their best in April and the local wines of Saint-Pourcain are clean and fresh; but just as there is to most human activities a snag of some kind, so there is usually in recompense an unexpected dividend. This time there was no snag but there was that dividend. To my surprise a great deal of my enjoyment of this trip came from my finding myself in tune emotionally with the life around me. Vichy was in a mood of prepara-

(Continued on p. 591)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Cheerfulness Breaks in Twice?

RUSSELL KIRK

LET US NOT LAMENT intemperately. "All the ministers are radicals nowadays," some folk tell me. "All the political scientists are collectivists. And all the students are crazy." Although your servant is too well aware of the evidence that leads to such conclusions, nevertheless we are not lost. Voices of faith and right reason are being heard—and will be heard increasingly, I think, for nature does not abide the vacuum of nihilism.

Take the clergy. I am heartened by an eloquent little book of sermons published by the new firm of Charles Hallberg & Company (110 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago). This is the Reverend Angus MacDonald's *Called To Be Free* ($2.95).

In a time when the churches are much afflicted by fad and foible, it is heartening to turn to the Christian scholarship of Mr. MacDonald. Like Bernard Iddings Bell, like T. S. Eliot, he does not labor under the illusion that God is dead. Mr. MacDonald unhesitatingly reaffirms that the service of God is perfect freedom. Without such service, indeed, freedom of no sort is possible in this world. His is the understanding of Eliot: "If you will not have God—and remember, He is a jealous God—then you should pay your respects to Hitler or to Stalin."

Mr. MacDonald's are sermons of the sort which, in the nineteenth century, were sold in editions of hundreds of thousands of copies, and made the reputations and fortunes of publishers. Manly, strongly reasoned, Mr. MacDonald's sentences should be heard; and some will learn from them what it is to be fully human.

Of "Religion and Society," Mr. MacDonald says that though the laws of God are compiled in no book, still they exist; and we obey them, or destroy ourselves. Yet this does not imply theological politicians, or political theologians:

"Religion must be the supreme concern of a healthy society," Mr. MacDonald observes, "but this does not mean that the church is a political institution or that it may be in partisan politics. Most denominations make solemn pronouncements about national defense and international policy, and they would be better advised to put their houses in order. We see every year church assemblies arrogantly advise the government on such matters as the economic, military, and peacetime aspects of getting to the moon. We are glad that our representatives in Congress ignore the pronouncements of churchmen-politicians, and we predict that our representatives will continue to ignore churchmen for as long as they speak on matters beyond their competence and foreign to their calling. We are glad that the children of darkness have the wisdom to ignore the children of light in matters political; . . . but the unfortunate meddling in politics by denominational assemblies ought not to blind us to the need for the preaching of . . . Christian principles, or hide the importance of religion in our society."

Now turn we to the professors of politics. I most heartily commend to everybody a new book by Professor René de Visme Williamson, professor of government at Louisiana State University, *Independence and Involvement: a Christian Reorientation in Political Science* (LSU Press, $7.50). This is a systematic, well-written study, ranging from the Christian, classical liberal, conservative, totalitarian, and modern Liberal concepts of the state to civil rights, constitutional law, Christian citizenship and secular citizenship, and the first clause of the First Amendment.

The civil social order cannot endure without a vigorous moral order, Dr. Williamson argues. He rebukes crushingly the trimmers within religious denominations who endeavor to reconcile "radical separationism" and a tolerable social order. He declares that the faint of heart are fallen into error. Here he is on the existentialist "escapists":

> Existentialism as a contemporary force was born of disillusionment over political and constitutional reform, disenchantment not only with all political ideologies but with all philosophical systems and even with objective scientific knowledge, gnawing doubts about the viability of free private enterprise or any other economic system, utter pessimism about the feasibility of international peace, disbelief in the vitality and power of the church as an institution and of the Christian faith as a religion. When a whole universe has thus crumbled into a heap of ruins, is it any wonder that what is left is lostness, brokenness, alienation, and anxiety? And so men fall back on the one thing which they believe can be salvaged from the wreckage: mere existence. The past is all washed up—except that no one can abolish the past. So we get de-mythologizing, mythologizing, re-mythologizing of history on a pick-and-choose basis by a "self" which is arbitrary because it has no moorings. The future is blotted out in the name of the "moment of decision" except that no one can really blot out the future. So we get spurious "eschatologies," which are a travesty of the scriptural conception. The present is presumably left, but it is a lonely and forlorn present because of existentialist subjectivism, except that such subjectivism is impossible.

And what of the present generation of students of divinity and of political science? Many—like students in all ages—are mere self-seekers, dull dogs, or campus cutups, who always will follow the philodoxer Thrasymachus, for instance, rather than the philosopher Socrates. Yet, in the long run, imagination still rules the world. To the student genuinely in search of meaning, the orthodoxy of Mr. MacDonald or the natural-law tradition of Professor Williamson will become immensely attractive, if only because these venerable truths have been so long obscured that they now possess all the charm of novelty.

To wail at the Wall is right and proper—on certain occasions. But let us not forget how to cry "Eureka!"

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»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

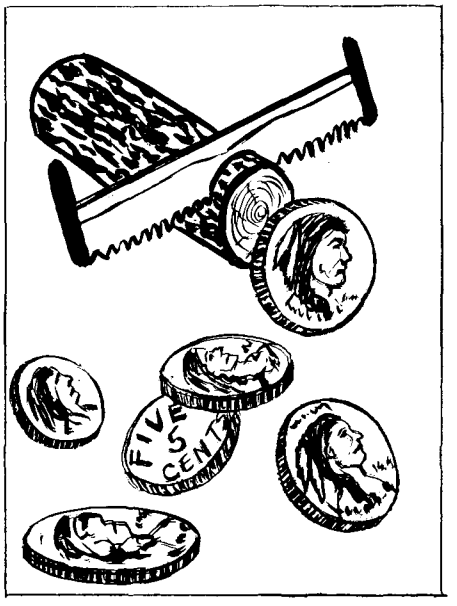
Canute at the Treasury

MELCHIOR PALYI

Who among all former Secretaries of the United States Treasury had the lowest IQ? This writer had narrowed down the choice to Morgenthau and Dillon. But William F. Rickenbacker's new book has removed any final doubts: Dillon deserves the "distinction." This sparkling little book records an amazing mess of ineptitude, incompetence, illogic, and sheer ignorance in high quarters. The analysis has been based on thoroughgoing research of our post-war coinage policies, told in a vivacious and brisk style worthy of a thriller.

The prime reason for the quagmire into which Messrs. Dillon, Roosa, and Co. have maneuvered themselves, was their inability to understand the operation of the free market. They ignored, or pretended to ignore, the tremendous growth of the demand for silver while the new supply (from the mines) was virtually stagnating. Both sides of the silver equation were becoming practically unresponsive to price changes. On the supply side, since silver is a sparse by-product of base metals, there is scant hope for increasing the output, however high the price (and the subsidy to the miners) may rise. Nor was the demand restrained when the Treasury, forced by the market, raised its selling price (late in 1963) from the fictitious 90.5 cents per ounce to $1.29, the statutory limit. The bulk of the silver demand, other than for tokens, has been due to new, vitally important industrial and military applications in which there simply is no substitute available.

As early as 1956, the signs of impending trouble for the coinage were clearly visible. The silver dollars started to vanish (followed by the half-dollars); for the first time, the global demand for silver exceeded its world-wide production. By 1959, the Treasury became a net seller of silver, and a coin shortage started to pinch the economy. The "pinch" grew to a highly embarrassing problem by 1962; but the Treasury could not be shaken out of its lethargy—not even in early 1964, although it had already dissipated 75 per cent of its reserve of "free silver." Convenient scapegoats for the coin shortage were the numismatists and the vending machines; so far as the Washingtonian "experts" were concerned, it had nothing to do with the market price of silver.



The Treasury keeps providing a huge subsidy to the silver users at home and abroad. As long as its reserve lasts, the world market value of the gray metal is pegged on an artificially low level. The wasting of a very valuable national asset is to go on until the stockpile of "free silver" is reduced to the size of a minimum strategic reserve—within a couple of years, presumably. This prospect raises a very "practical" question. A durable and storable commodity, whose price is bound to double, perhaps even treble, in the foreseeable future, is a natural hedge against inflation. The more so, since the government would not be able to expropriate the holders as it did the owners of gold. Millions of people would have to be put in jail for hoarding silver in one form or another. But that does not assure a safe hedge, even disregarding the loss of interest and other costs. In due course, the private marketing of silver bars as well as the melting down of coins may be prohibited. The silver certificates (still 630 million dollars outstanding) have practically vanished from circulation too, and they may be redeemed ultimately in—paper money, at the *official* value. One can purchase in New York (preferably in London) silver futures which are selling at a modest premium over the American official price. But bear in mind what happened to private claims on gold and to forward contracts in gold: they had to be liquidated under the ukases of Eisenhower and Kennedy.

ONE CANNOT PUT DOWN this book without being deeply disturbed. Coinage is a secondary problem of the money system. As long as the tokens are convertible into the standard currency and their debt-paying power is limited (to $5), it makes no difference in principle whether they contain silver or consist of "cupro-nickel sandwiches." But the same Treasury that messed up the silver situation is in charge of the currency itself. It is responsible for the loss of 10 billion dollars of gold, for which it has substituted "paper-sandwiches" in our monetary reserves. As Rickenbacker sums it up: ". . . for the first time since 1792, we are on a money backed by nothing better than the politician's pledge. The stage is set for the final inflationary blow-off if that is what our money managers desire. The shelves of the libraries groan under the weight of the evidence that wealth cannot be created through the printing of paper money. . . . We cannot bid farewell to silver without profound foreboding."

Wooden Nickels, by William F. Rickenbacker. Arlington House, $3.95

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More Triumph Than Tragedy

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE STORM about whether Lord Moran ought to have published a book recording his experiences as Churchill's doctor has tended, at least in Britain, to overshadow the contents of the book itself. This is a pity, because the contents happen to be substantial and immensely readable.

The ethical question seems to me both more complex and less important than has been made out. Obviously, the principle stands: a doctor ought not to tell what he has learned in a confidential relationship with his patient. No less obviously, there are exceptions: if the patient has a contagious disease or shows clear signs of being a homicidal maniac, the doctor has a duty to other people; or if, after his patient's death, the doctor is in a position to deny conclusively some disgraceful rumor about him—that he was an alcoholic, perhaps, or that he suffered from venereal disease—it is at least arguable that the doctor's duty to the patient actually requires him to speak out. The principle, in other words, is breached at so many points that each case must be considered on its merits.

That a doctor, or anyone else, owes "a duty to posterity" I find unconvincing; our duty is not to abstractions but to people. What does seem relevant is the effect which such a book will have on its subject's reputation. The Churchill family dislike Lord Moran's portrait of Winston Churchill, just as the Royal Family disliked Lytton Strachey's portrait of Queen Victoria: but they are wrong, just as the Royal Family was wrong, and for much the same reasons. When all his foibles, all his weaknesses, all his errors, have been detailed, Churchill's essential greatness, like the old Queen's, emerges more unmistakable than ever.

Churchill. Taken from the Diaries of Lord Moran. Houghton, $10.00

Moran's journal begins on May 25, 1940, when at the Cabinet's insistence, Churchill reluctantly agreed to have a private doctor. "I do not like the job," Moran wrote in his diary, "and I do not think the arrangement can last." He was mistaken. It lasted through the thunderous years of blitz and victory; through Churchill's shattering rejection by the electors he had so recently saved; through his return to power and his final sad farewell to it.

"Before Winston left he said: 'I would like to go down and see the Cabinet Room for the last time.' . . . The room was in darkness. When the light was switched on it appeared in disarray, ready for the cleaners, the chairs, shrouded in their covers, pushed to one side, the ink-pots gone. Winston looked for a moment in bewilderment on the scene, then he turned on his heel and stumbled out into the hall."

It lasted through a heart attack, three bouts of pneumonia, two operations and two strokes. It lasted through the long twilight, about which Moran preserves a decent reticence; through to the end.

During the latter years of Churchill's premiership, Moran faced a different ethical question, and answered it disputably but categorically. His duty to his patient came first. Churchill was no longer really fit for the job, but, if he resigned, he would lose all interest in life. Therefore Moran, unlike almost everyone else, urged him to stay. Not, perhaps, that anybody's advice would have made much difference. Churchill, as Moran observed soon after they met, had a simple plan: "First, he decides what he would like to do, and then he experiences no difficulty in finding good reasons for doing it."

This is not the kind of stuff which can be relegated to the *I Was Churchill's Poodle* shelf. It may be only a footnote to history but it is a very considerable one. It supplements and sometimes corrects Churchill's own account of various wartime incidents.

Random Notes

● BOOKS FOR THE HAMMOCK: Three NATIONAL REVIEW regulars have books coming out this summer. Buckley tells all in *The Unmaking of a Mayor* (Viking, August, $5.95); Rickenbacker smells a rat in *Wooden Nickels, Or the Decline and Fall of Silver Coins* (Arlington House, April, $3.95) and Kirk sets a "baroque romance" in modern Africa in *A Creature of the Twilight: His Memorials* (Fleet, June). . . . Dutton has two animal books: *Raccoons Are the Brightest People* by Sterling North (of *Rascal* fame), with 87 photographs (August) and Faith McNulty's *The Whooping Crane,* winner of the firm's Animal Book Award (August, $4.95). . . . A new route to healthful summer exercise is suggested by Euell Gibbons in *Stalking the Healthful Herbs* (McKay, June, $6.95), to which Alice Cooke Brown's *Early American Herb Recipes* (Tuttle, June, $7.50) is the obvious companion, unless one is too busy testing H. E. Bravery's *Home Brewing Without Failures* (Arco, June, $2.50).

Sweden's Stig Wennerström gets examined in Thomas Whiteside's *An Agent in Place* (Viking, July, $3.95). . . . Two Britishers, a Conservative and a Socialist, offer a jaundiced look at the American university scene in *A Short Walk on the Campus* (Atheneum, June). Authors Jonathan Aitken and Michael Beloff represented Oxford in 46 campus debates here recently. . . . The comic possibilities of Emerging Africa have been thoroughly, sometimes heavy-handedly explored, but not until now has an African tried his hand. Chinua Achebe's *A Man of the People* (John Day, July, $3.50) concerns itself with corruption, connivery and an illiterate Minister of Education. Achebe is a Nigerian; the country of the book is mythical. . . . Malcolm Cowley, who managed to be a friend of William Faulkner's, remembers it in *The Faulkner-Cowley File* (Viking, July, $4.50), which includes several Faulkner letters. . . . Edith Piaf's autobiography, *The Wheel of Fortune* (Chilton, August, $4.50), takes readers for a walk on the seamy side; that seaminess is where you find it is suggested by Betty Kelen's *The Mistresses: Domestic Scandals of 19th Century Monarchs.*

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Moran's descriptions of visits to Washington, of Christmas in the White House and of Churchill's deteriorating relationship with Roosevelt, are particularly illuminating. The help which America gave to Britain in the darkest days of the war is most movingly recalled; but there seems no doubt that Roosevelt's increasing jealousy of Churchill was a major cause of his disastrous flirtation with Stalin.

The most valuable insights, however, which Moran has to offer are not historical, in the big sense, at all. They are the intimate glimpses of Churchill wallowing like a hippopotamus in his bath, carefully brushing his bald head before he could settle down to sleep, singing old music hall songs and snatches of Gilbert and Sullivan, mischievously reading a novel—he had just discovered Trollope and *Jane Eyre*—when he ought to have been attending to government business, unrolling his conversational set-pieces. The battle of Omdurman was always a favorite:

"He showed me a scar on his right arm. 'That's where I gave some skin for grafting to Dick Molyneux after the battle of Omdurman — it hurt like the devil. His death is in today's paper.' The P.M. grinned. 'He will take my skin with him, a kind of advance guard, into the next world.'"

He liked to escape into the past from a postwar world which, as he used to say when the black moods came over him, "is in an awful state, I cannot cope with it." But few men can have enjoyed the awfulness more. Great perils and high drama were his natural milieu; he reveled in what he called his "Joan of Arc role"; and in his last period he mellowed into a sort of grand tranquillity.

He was, as Moran says, "not worldly." He knew very little about the lives of ordinary people; and it was perhaps just this separation from their mundane concerns which enabled him to lead them so splendidly, to roar so magnificently on their behalf, in that one brief hour when they were required to behave extraordinarily.

He was much less fitted to deal with the complex economic and political problems which faced him after the war. He still believed in the British Empire, and hated the process of retreat which was forced on him; he believed in personal freedom, and detested bureaucracy and high taxation; but he lacked the intellectual strength to resist the appeasers and collectivists in his own party. He never had been a philosophic conservative. He was happiest in a coalition, speaking, as he supposed, for the whole country.

His single-minded preoccupation with defeating Hitler led him to surrender the Baltic States and to condone the betrayal of Poland. Like Roosevelt, he imagined, for a little

while, that he could do business with Stalin; but, unlike Roosevelt, he woke up in time. He was the first to sound the alarm as the Russian armies advanced, and, against considerable domestic opposition, he held the line in Greece until America, finally aroused, took the burden from Britain's weakened shoulders.

He was not a good judge of people. He had a weakness, Moran says, for quacks: "During the twenty-five years he was in my care, I had to call in a number of doctors for various parts of his body, and it is, I think, substantially correct to affirm that he took to them in inverse ratio to their scientific attainments." His admiration was reserved for such men as Lloyd George, F. E. Smith and Beaverbrook, more notable for their flamboyance than for their principles.

On other occasions, he could be sharp enough, though, and his mastery of language enabled him to fix a character or a situation in a single lapidary sentence: of Stafford Cripps, for instance—"The trouble is, his chest is a cage in which two squirrels are at war, his conscience and his career"; and of Halifax—"His virtues have done more harm in the world than the vices of hundreds of other people." It is interesting to learn that he knew Anthony Eden might prove dangerously weak as a Prime Minister, but said, "I've gone too far in building him up to go back on it now."

Moran himself is extremely shrewd. His journal is interspersed with little essays, summing up people and places and adjudicating sensibly on such questions as the propriety and fairness of the Alanbrooke diaries: and it ends with a long, penetrating, and very warm summing up of Churchill's own character and achievements.

Moran once wrote a book about courage, how men can draw on it and how they consume it. I suspect that he sees this book as an extension, a grand illustration, of that theme. Churchill was amazingly resilient, both physically and spiritually; he had, as Moran put it, "some kind of shock absorber which is not included in the make-up of most men."

A book which, by its nature, is so largely concerned with Churchill's health and illness during those last twenty-five years of his life might easily have seemed morbid. That it does not, in fact, seem morbid or gloomy at all is a tribute partly to Lord Moran's breadth of interests, his wit and his good writing, but chiefly to Winston Churchill himself. The story is far more triumph than tragedy; a whole succession of triumphs, indeed, as Churchill, defiantly pursuing a regimen which no doctor could have approved, recovered from every physical and psychological buffet. "Never give in," he said, "never, never, never"; not to the enemies of his country in 1940, not to his political enemies after 1945, not to the enemies of Western civilization, not to illness or old age or infirmity. There is no tragedy here except the ultimate ambiguous tragedy which is our human lot.

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The Free Market

HENRY HAZLITT

THIS BOOK consists of three lectures delivered by the eminent professor of economics at Oxford, John Jewkes. Like his brilliant *Ordeal by Planning,* published in 1948, it is a witty and penetrating attack on the contemporary mania for socialism, planning, redistribution of income, and other forms of governmental economic controls.

Professor Jewkes begins by posing again the problem, almost completely neglected today, of how to determine, in the words of Edmund Burke, "what the State ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual exertion." His enumeration of "the legitimate functions of the State" is one that many American libertarians, including this reviewer, would consider questionably broad. At "the top of the list," for example, he places not only "defense, justice, law and order . . . taxation and currency," but "a high and stable level of employment, town and country planning [and] the care of the needy." Regarding these last three functions, one is tempted to ask exactly what he has in mind. It goes without saying, for example, that high and stable employment is a condition devoutly to be wished. But is it to be achieved by the State's maintaining a sound currency and removing obstacles to free and flexible wages and prices, or by State spending and "investment" programs, State manipulation of interest rates, deliberate credit and currency expansion, and other Keynesian devices? Jewkes apparently does have in mind the latter, for he tells us that "the outstandingly successful new function of government in our time has been the maintenance of full employment"; and even that "it is proper to describe this addition to our economic knowledge, and the major policies which depend upon it, as revolutionary." Going further in his concept of government functions, he even asks, at one point: "Why should poverty in a Western country not be got rid of by guaranteeing everybody a minimum income, through the use of a negative income tax or other device?"

Public and Private Enterprise, by John Jewkes. Chicago, $2.25

By dwelling on my own reservations, however, I would surely give a misleading impression of this little book. For the remarks I have just quoted are made by Jewkes merely parenthetically. The central thrust of his argument is against the many pretensions and errors of the government planners. They rely implicitly on GNP and other statistics that are subject to wide margins of error. They persist in the extraordinary belief that the distant future can be more clearly seen and understood than the immediate. They constantly forget that a government has nothing to distribute except what it first collects from the community. They prefer "to give everything top priority." When their plans inevitably head toward failure, they begin to look for private scapegoats. They reveal a constant tendency, when they put forward some new statist scheme, to underestimate costs and to exaggerate returns. From this standpoint, for example, in connection with the recent pressure for more and more government-supported education, Jewkes asks "whether a strictly economic case can be made out for more education and for how much more." His acute analysis does not support the usual answers.

ABOVE ALL, the government planners have no faith in the free market. Their tacit assumption is that there can be no justice or order in the economic system unless it is engineered by one or a small group of men.

Jewkes is not solely concerned with stressing the errors and shortcomings of socialism or government planning; he emphasizes, also, some of the positive merits of private enterprise. Among these he puts forward the unusual claim that "the free market is exercising a strong civilizing influence." This, of course, runs counter to conventional thought, which assumes that while capitalism has a great potential for getting stuff made, it is a way of producing wealth that constantly threatens to under-

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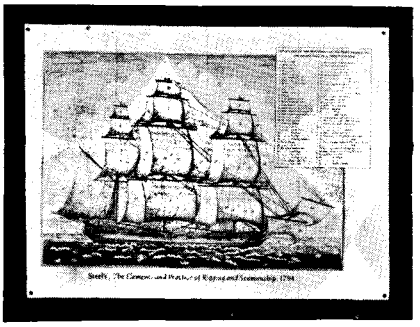

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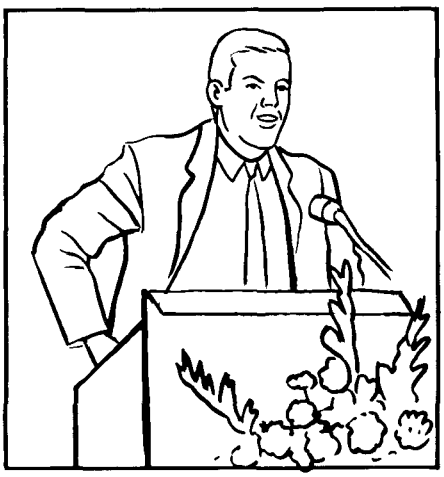

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mine our social and cultural standards. Thus the Webbs, in 1923, were claiming that competitive capitalism would lead to the debasing of morals, the undermining of cultural standards, the wholesale adulteration of goods. Jewkes answers:

"The profit incentive has, in fact, provided many of the material aids by which cultural standards have been raised and has done something, even under the most unpromising conditions, to force people into habits of mutual tolerance. . . . The most potent of all civilizing forces is the uncensored and easy access to the written word. Has anything in recent years done more to foster that than the appearance of the 'paperback,' which has brought the larger part of human knowledge within the reach, at low cost, of virtually every interested person in the Western world? The paperback was devised and has been spread over great markets by men looking for private gain."

He goes on to show how the interest in fine music has been stimulated by the commercial development of stereo, high-fidelity and the long-playing record; how the sense of form and color has been fostered by the cheapening and improvement of the camera through international commercial competition; and how, again, the competition of the profit-seekers has helped the architect, the archaeologist, the librarian, the landscaper. And he might have gone on to cite the untold blessings that profit-seeking drug firms and profit-seeking hospital-supply houses have provided in prolonging life and reducing human suffering.

The free market is, indeed, "a great civilizer," and the chief economic function of government is to preserve it.

TV in Review

Uplift and Dragdown

C. H. SIMONDS

There is a tale, told by Minneapolis columnist and truth-seeker Will Jones, concerning two men who met on the street one Tuesday morning. Asked one, "Did you hear about the guy who dropped dead watching television last night?"

"I'm not surprised," said the other. "Monday is a lousy television night."

Not to mention the other six. TV perpetually bores or offends the intelligent viewer. Smart folks rage that it inundates the living rooms of the Republic with a torrent of pap, slap and claptrap; it is accused of warping our little ones into blank-orbed sado-masochists, and if rumors emanating from the Surgeon-General's office are to be credited, it may well cause cancer of the eyeballs. While much of the abuse is traceable to the need of the intelligentsia for a whipping-boy, few will deny that TV has failed utterly to bring about a new American Renaissance.

The easy way out is to chant the hoary old litany about TV being the helpless captive of Money, Madison Avenue, Conformity and other demons, and then to urge the immediate need for Stringent Standards to gallop to the rescue—courtesy of the government. But then when we are treated to foretastes of what would be aired if the industry were out-and-out controlled to serve the good old public interest, we view Murray the K and *It's What's Happening, Baby!* or another interminable prime-time message from Gentleman Bird, who doesn't talk on the air as long as Castro, one suspects from his perpetually pained expression, only because his bunions hurt. WPA murals were never like this.

The time has come to make our peace, and Margaret Fullerishly *accept* TV as a mass medium like the Victorian penny press or those smutty songs that used to be hawked in the streets of Shakespeare's London—and which pop up in his plays, he having been neither a Jim Aubrey nor a Newton Minow. Let us accept; those who demand Uplift will be tossed an occasional crumb or, if they prefer, will be permitted to lock their dials on the local educational channel and be urbanely bored to death, never mind driven blind (educational TV, at least in the hinterlands, always seems to be slightly out of focus). Those Uplifters deserve more blame than they usually get for the present

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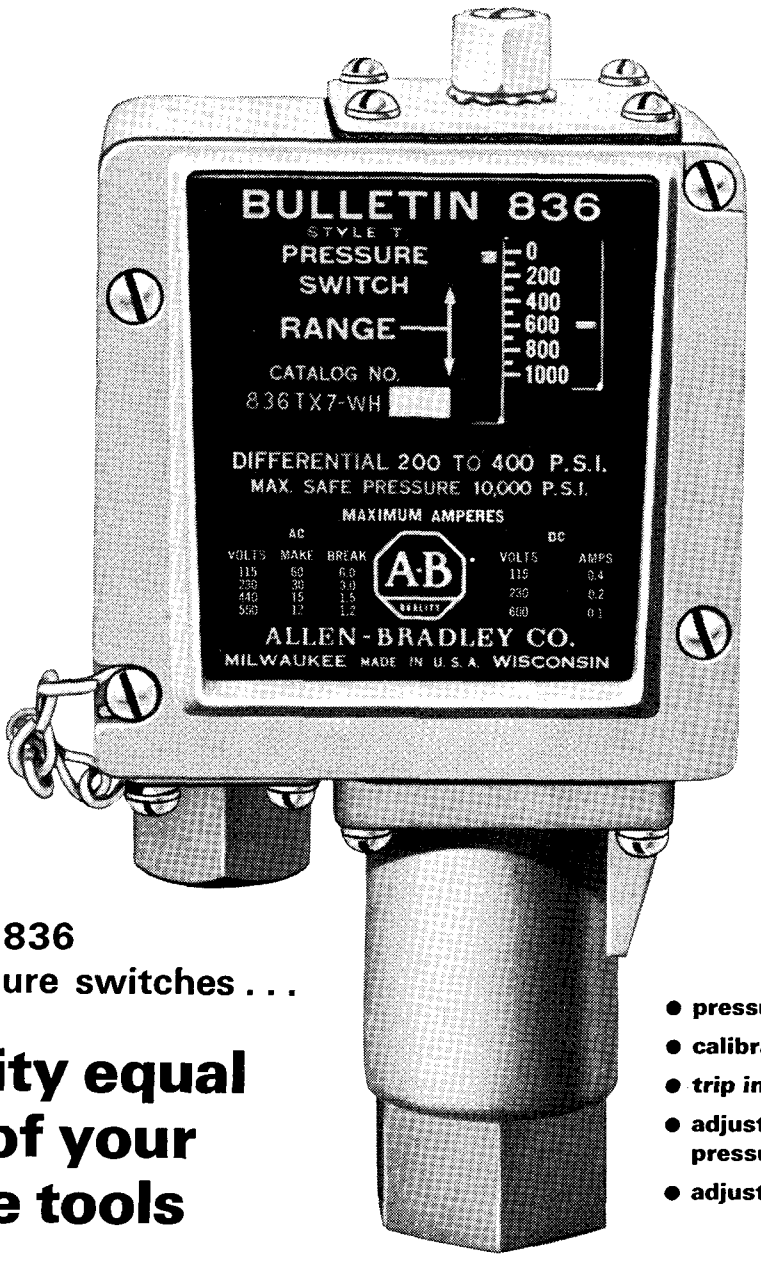

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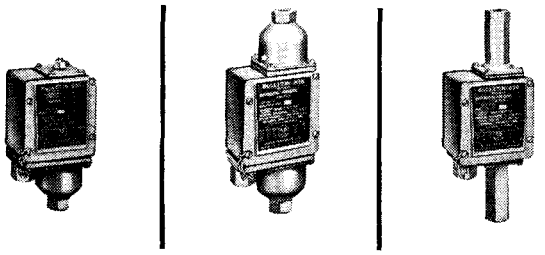

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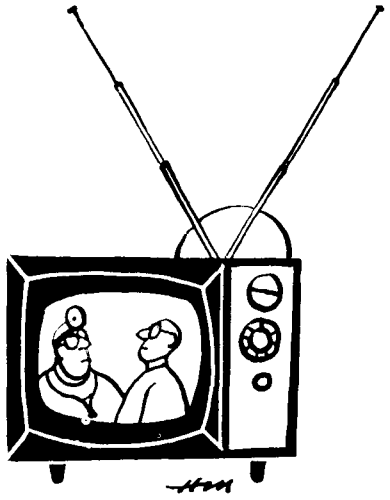
soporific state of TV anyway. They've been raging so long and so loud, protected by the ancient American axiom that culture is Good For You so-wake-up, that the industry either stiffens petulantly (*The Beverly Hillbillies*) or meekly tries to cooperate (*Hallmark Hall of Fame*)—and in either event, we are left bored and wondering where the Renaissance went. (After all, nobody used to bad-mouth radio the way the Uplifters do TV today. More people tuned to the ballgame or Ma Perkins than chose the New York Philharmonic or the Texaco opera broadcast, and that was that. One wonders why our Uplifters can't, once in awhile, retire to another room and curl up with an improving book.)

One must have a measure of sympathy for them, of course. They sweat and strive over the rest of us—the commonalty and the smart types who would just as soon be left alone and who are therefore traitors to intelligence—and despite their efforts, the dummies go and vote down the school bond issue for the umpteenth time, or hurl eggs at pacifists and oh dear, if we could only *reach* them! Murmurs a scratchy voice from the fireplace ashes: "Keep trying TV!" And off goes another letter to the *Times* purporting to show a direct connection between the resurgence of the Klan and the removal of *Omnibus*.

The trouble with Uplift, aside from its inevitable presumptuousness, is that it almost always comes out spurious, or dull, or both. Actuated as it is by the meddling impulse, it winds up dragging down—dragging down the material, and the audience with it. One used to keep wishing Leonard Bernstein would shut up, stop Explaining everything, and for heaven's sake play the nice music; one suspected, moreover, that viewers unacquainted with Beethoven quickly lost interest, suspicious of this man who had to be so carefully explained to them.

To take a more recent example, recall Hallmark's *Lamp at Midnight*, which made Galileo into a crustily lovable old village freethinker akin



to those Typical Yankee Farmers who, in the strange realm of Rockwell Kent's imagination, were always unconscious Marxists but were still hardy, pious, wry and earthy as all hell. The back-and-forth about Aristotle *versus* Copernicus was bandied in the manner of country-garage loafers discussing batting averages; the whole effort fell into the gaping trap of belittling the bad guys for not knowing what we know now. Only relief was provided by David Wayne, delightfully porcine and nasty as an Inquisition bureaucrat; only suspense, by a nagging expectation that at any moment, Walter Cronkite would interrupt with a hot news bulletin that the play was really about McCarthyism. (He didn't; perhaps TV has taken an infant step or two.)

It was Basic Dragdown: take a tidbit of intellectual history with a few obvious, and many subtle, dramatic possibilities; jazz up the obvious and slice out the subtle, hire some good names, and—*zap!* Good Has Been Done; the viewing masses have been taught an easy little lesson in Intellectual Tolerance and all that, and never mind that it was cheap, dishonest and dull or that most of those masses flipped over to local bowling after five minutes. Granted, Galileo was shabbily dealt with by the then-Establishment—but it wasn't quite that simple.

A way out was suggested by *Beethoven: Ordeal and Triumph*, which stuck to the facts and relied on the music, supplemented with spare narration and excellently photographed scenes of old Vienna (and which, *mirabile dictu*, eschewed repeating that shopworn legend about the dedication of the *Eroica*). Somehow, somebody slipped up and forgot to do it up grand with Edward G. Robinson as Beethoven, Tammy Grimes as his taxi-dancer girl friend, and the June Taylor Dancers as the Spirit of Revolution. The offering was simple, direct, and most effective—precisely because it *stuck to the facts*. No dragdown, no ideologically satisfying legendry—yet the Uplifters couldn't really complain.

The Uplifters cannot be blamed, directly anyway, for a related TV problem. Somebody else has discovered that it's keen fun to take old, out-of-copyright stories and remodel them to suit Modern Needs, Uplift aside. This is bound (you heard it here first!) to spread. It started with *Jesse James* and the Fess Parkerized *Daniel Boone*, but reached an early epitome in the animated version of *Alice in Wonderland*. Alice was a taffy-voiced, bud-luscious suburban Junior Miss, a real livin' (Barbie) doll, and she got to Wonderland (giggle!) by falling, into, the, TV, *screen*! The story-line was kept, but it was cloyingly cleverized with Snappy Modern Dialogue, and what fun to know that Cheshire Cat was really Nat King Cole or somebody. It wasn't *Alice*, it was *Gidget Goes Underground*. It was also a crime, perpetrated by Hanna and Barbera, who had already caramelized the dis-

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tant past and far future, in *The Flintstones* and *Jetsons,* into cutesie-poo versions of Suburbia '66 dripping with heavyhanded laugh-getters on the old anachronism theme. They'd better be forcibly restrained, before they ruin something truly fine.

It seems little enough to ask TV to play things straight and leave off silly lily-gilding. Anyway there's always that improving book.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MANAGEMENT OF PROSPERITY, by Arthur F. Burns (Columbia, $3.50). These three lectures, delivered late last year at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, provide a complacent description of our recent economic growth, a greatly useful discourse upon unemployment, and an elderstatesmanlike looking-forward - with - hope - but - on - the - other - hand. Throughout this extremely short text the former chairman of Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers confounds inflation with its manifestation, price rises; all but ignores the role played by exported inflation in mitigating the initial effects of domestic inflation; and does ignore the problem of monopoly unionism. Even so, I'd recommend an acquaintance with the text if only for the lecture on unemployment, in which Burns goes more deeply into the problem than any but the professional would care to go on his own. There is a fine episode on the minimum wage, culminating in this season's most spectacular forecast: "In the absence of any change in the general state of the economy, another increase of twenty-five cents in the minimum wage would be likely to raise the unemployment rate of nonwhite teenagers by as much as eight percentage points." By the way, did you know that the minimum wage was 40¢ in 1950? W. F. RICKENBACKER

OF MEN AND NOT OF LAW, by Lyman A. Garber (Devin-Adair, $3.95). The highly regarded James Jackson Kilpatrick recently described the notion "that ours is a government not of men, but of law" as "the greatest of all myths." Kilpatrick argued that every judge brings to the judicial function an ineradicable set of commitments and suppositions in terms of which

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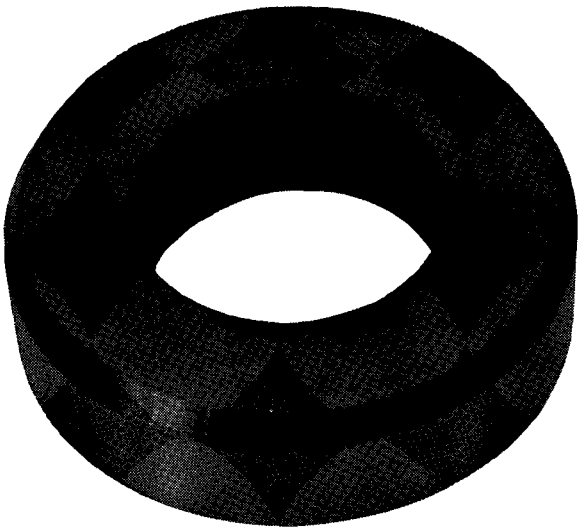

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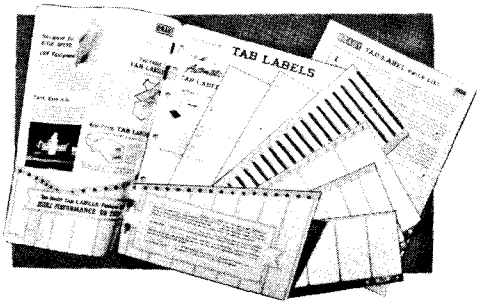

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he resolves the questions presented to him for decision, and further that the specific role of the Supreme Court of the United States has historically been a pioneering one. Lyman A. Garber, a practicing attorney in Beverly Hills, California, provides an analysis of recent Supreme Court decisions which gets at this question from another vantage point. Recent Supreme Court opinions evidence a judicial "creativity" which issues from the naked ideological preferences of the Justices without regard to the applicable law. In 1958, the tenth annual conference of the State Chief Justices adopted a resolution admonishing the Supreme Court that "while . . . the application of constitutional rules to changed conditions must be sufficiently flexible as to make such rules adaptable to altered circumstances . . . , a fundamental purpose of having a written constitution is to promote the certainty and stability of the provisions of law set forth in such a constitution." Mr. Garber documents the case for this resolution, which was ample at the time the resolution was issued and has grown infinitely stronger since. The key to the question is whether the standard for judicial decision is to be law or ideology. One supposes that Mr. Kilpatrick would accept Mr. Garber's thesis that the standard must be law, and Mr. Garber would accept the Kilpatrick reminder that the legal standard is necessarily ramified in the course of its application by any judiciary.

J. D. MAHONEY

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (MAY 31)

Wm. G. Sumner:

THE FORGOTTEN MAN:

The Forgotten Man is weighted down with the cost and burden of the schemes for making everybody happy, with the cost of public beneficence, with the support of all the loafers, with the loss of all the economic quackery, with the cost of all the jobs.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A meat ball.	1 154 122 110 106 26 13 173 184
B. Where social insects live (2 wds.).	10 48 175 181 117 82 97 193
C. A type of oil.	36 49 115 63 129 98 15
D. Inhabitant of a planet on which life is known to exist.	43 153 136 116 16 140 83 64 4
E. Weird place for a battle.	59 17 22 188 69 94 86 74
F. Former lightweight champion.	85 191 2 118 135 18 30
G. What farmers don't like to dig.	105 66 27 189 183 90 171 19 35
H. What every young girl should know.	121 20 39 67 91 84 141 165 47
I. The wintergreen Gaultheria procumbens	125 25 65 187 88 70 75 166
J. State of being tardy.	139 28 151 76 126 119 52 60
K. Sofas	152 77 176 3 130 93 71
L. Immediately.	179 92 177 38 53 158 182 124 5

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Expostulated.	72 101 95 180 6 14 190 132 144
N. To dissipate.	89 168 148 102 54 159 137 96
O. Dairy products.	127 40 143 162 7 156 172
P. Intermittently.	146 21 31 150 163 55 128 149
Q. Athletic officials.	186 167 56 46 103 51 100 8
R. A cookery term.	192 138 131 104 81 41 145
S. Inflammation of part of the palate.	111 50 169 42 61 120 185 133
T. Ancient Egyptian rulers.	79 9 112 147 157 32 68 134
U. Roman ruler when empire was at its greatest extent.	99 113 170 164 174 23 37 11
V. Former capital of Persia.	108 123 78 24 73 114 62
W. Bad place to be on election day.	161 80 44 33 87 107 57 142 109
X. A keeper of late hours (2 wds.).	29 12 155 45 160 58 178 34

1 A	2 F	3 K	4 D	5 L	6 M	7 O	8 Q		9 T	10 B	11 U		12 X	13 A	14 M		
15 C	16 D	17 E	18 F	19 G		20 H	21 P		22 E	23 U	24 V	25 I	26 A	27 G		28 J	
29 X	30 F		31 P	32 T	33 W	34 X	35 G		36 C	37 U	38 L		39 H	40 O	41 R	42 S	
43 D		44 W	45 X	46 Q		47 H	48 B	49 C	50 S	51 Q	52 J		53 L	54 N	55 P		
56 Q	57 W	58 X	59 E	60 J		61 S	62 V		63 C	64 D	65 I		66 G	67 H	68 T	69 E	
70 I		71 K	72 M	73 V	74 E	75 I	76 J		77 K	78 V		79 T	80 W	81 R	82 B	83 D	
84 H		85 F	86 E	87 W	88 I		89 N	90 G	91 H	92 L	93 K	94 E		95 M	96 N		
97 B	98 C	99 U	100Q	101M		102N	103Q	104R		105G	106A	107W		108V	109W		
110A	111S	112T	113U	114V	115C	116D	117B	118F	119J		120S	121H	122A	123V	124L		
125I	126J		127O	128P	129C	130K	131R	132M	133S	134T		135F	136D	137N		138R	
139J	140D	141H	142W	143O	144M		145R	146P		147T	148N	149P		150P	151J		
152K	153D	154A	155X	156O		157T	158L	159N		160X	161W		162O	163P	164U	165H	
166I		167Q	168N	169S	170U	171G		172O	173A	174U	175B	176K	177L		178X	179L	
180M	181B		182L	183G	184A	185S	186Q		187I	188E	189G	190M	191F	192R	193B		

See page 588 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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VICHY

(Continued from p. 577)

tion. So was I. In the Albertler, where I was staying—almost the only first-class hotel to stay open right through the year—the management was actively concerned with the arrangement of a glass-protected terrace round the pool in which trout were frisking. It was giving its full attention to its reduced quota of guests, but it was thinking already in terms of "the high midsummer pomps." On the banks of the Allier a "youth village," where young people can set up their own tents, park caravans or live in bungalows, was under construction. Painters were busy round the casino: gardeners were laying out flower beds, the smart *boutiques* were setting out their stores. There was a general air of living for mid-June, as I was too.

I have a strenuous summer ahead of me. In the middle of June I go to a writers' workshop at Salt Lake City, to teach "the novel," then to Oklahoma, conducting a weekly seminar. It is something that I have never done before. It is an adventure. I start on June 14, the very week when Vichy will be throwing wide its gates to its full flood of tourists. This gave me a very cosy sense of kinship with the town. As the train pulled out of the station, and I caught my last glimpse of the narrowing river, I waved my hand, thinking, "Good luck, Vichy." I felt that Vichy was waving back.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 559)

the frontiers and the divisive quarrels at home.

Some of my critics reacted in the same vein as my audiences referred to in my article: with indignation that the U. S. may be subject to the same observable regularities of historical evolution as other countries before. But could we not agree that history is not an exact science, that it is as speculative and imaginative as life? If my stern critics do not authorize my speculations, then Tocqueville, Spengler, Toynbee, Briancour, *et al.* must also be discouraged from meditation and prophecy.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

The Decline of Spengler

I found Mr. Schlamm's article about Spengler [May 3] distressing. It seems foolish to write about Spengler's morphology idea as a subdiscipline of biology. His history is poetry plus, not science minus. Who is to say that a poet's vision is less meaningful than a rationalist's?

The remark about Spengler's suspecting his own conclusions is a gratuitous judgment. I am not aware that Spengler ever suspected his main idea, which Mr. Schlamm brands as false. Placing an existentialist stress upon man's choice as a way out of his dilemma, as Mr. Schlamm does, is to misunderstand Spengler's crucial incident and destiny concept. This is a poetic idea born of life itself and the evidence of its validity is everywhere to be seen today. People laughed at Schliemann, too. But he had the advantage of being able to uncover the golden treasure.

I was not aware that the twenties were fascinated by Spengler. Atkinson's translation published by Knopf was widely sold, but as far as the ideas were concerned, they were viewed mostly as a matter for the future to decide. If this morphology were true, then the concept would be accepted by more and more people. I realize that the struggle in academic circles is a rough one, and I like Mr. Schlamm's reference to the Anglo-Saxon Liberals. My daughter brought her college history text home during one of her vacations. The author called Spengler a "racist," and said he much preferred Toynbee's ideas.

Bedford, Mass. CARL D. PIERCE

A Reply

Spengler would have cringed, with distress and disgust, had anyone dared call his history "poetry plus, not science minus." He considered himself an exact scientist; and he detested poets dabbling in history. It is Spengler, not I, who wants his historiography viewed in the context of biology rather than prophecy. That he sometimes vaguely suspected his own conclusions, I know from people who knew him well. And that the twenties were fascinated by Spengler, not only in Germany, is a verifiable part of the public record. To be sure, by that I do not mean the day's journalism but, rather, the few sensitive and relevant minds working at the *Zeitgeist*. And, on second reading of my piece, Mr. Pierce will notice that my respect for Spengler is not second to his.

Lugano WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Omissions and Corrections

James J. Kilpatrick's excellent report, "Our Man at the Golliwog Lounge" [March 22], captured the content and spirit of the recent national meeting of the Philadelphia Society. However, I regret that he neglected to mention the excellent paper on civil disobedience presented by Michael M. Uhlmann, in the session, "The Legal and Constitutional Implications," chaired by the late Robert M. Schuchman. Mr. Uhlmann, a Yale graduate and currently a senior at the University of Virginia Law School, where he edits the Reading Guide, is one of the country's outstanding young scholars.

Chicago, Ill. DON LIPSETT

NR, April 19, p. 355, on (gold) coin collecting, misprinted 13.71 GRAMS of pure gold as the international settlement value of U.S. $1.00.

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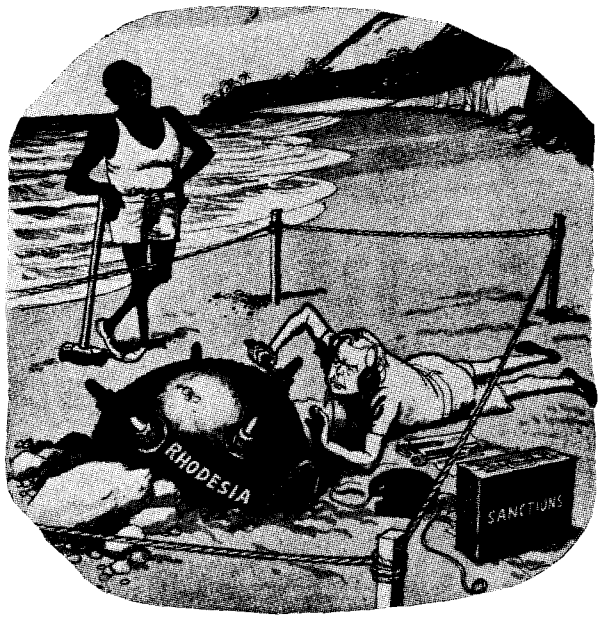
For The Record

Cheery Notes for Conservatives: Poll in final week before California primaries showed Ronald Reagan had pulled 13 points ahead of his opponent, George Christopher in senatorial race. (N.Y. Times underlined importance of story by sending its ace Washington reporter, Tom Wicker, to cover California scene.) . . . In Texas, Sen. John Tower is now five points ahead of Democrat Waggoner Carr in Joseph Kraft poll. Tower was given virtually no chance of winning re-election following Goldwater defeat. . . . Goldwater-man M. G. Snyder beat out moderate James Thompson in last week's Kentucky congressional primary, also coming up from behind. . . . Sen. Hugh Scott (R., Pa.) now predicting Republicans will win 42 to 45 House seats come November, three to five Senate seats.

Direct methods: To make sure that Moise Tshombe won't get in direct touch with his supporters in Katanga, Congolese authorities have severed all direct telephone, telegram and telex communications between Elisabethville (the Katanga capital) and Europe. Tshombe was ousted as member of Congo parliament a fortnight ago. . . . Uganda President Milton Obote says only twenty persons were killed in attack on palace of Sir Edward Mutesa last month (see Elspeth Huxley in this issue, p. 569). Other observers put death toll at closer to one thousand. (If we have any more trouble, said Obote "we will cut off their noses.") . . . Recent Algerian seizure of all mines and of abandoned French property marks important turn to left for Col. Boumedienne. Probable cause: more pressure at home for instant socialism as anniversary of Ben Bella overthrow nears. . . . French parliament has now authorized amnesty for four generals who headed Algerian revolt. Paris press doubts, however, that de Gaulle will include Gens. Salan and Jouhaud in amnesty; think chances are good he may release Gens. Challe and Zeller.

Only Republican member of House Labor and Education Committee not to sign slashing 100-page Republican attack on the Job Corps, as administered by Sargent Shriver, is New York Congressman Ogden Reid, obviously moving to take over Lindsay-vacated leadership of Liberal Wednesday Club. . . . Kind of thing committee members complained of: decision by poverty-eradicators to build 1,000 privies in eastern Tennessee, at cost of $65,000.



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"You're getting nowhere, man—let us try."

Exile community asking questions about death of Prince Nikolaus Nakachidse in Munich. Nakachidse, secretary general of the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations, was found dead in his home. His predecessor as head of the exile movement, Stefan Bandera, was killed by a Soviet agent in 1959 and the murder made to look like a heart attack (see NR March 22).

Not amused: Bishop Victor Reed of Oklahoma City, believed by some of his parishioners to be more Vatican II than the Pope. Dissident members of his flock have brought out a pamphlet, "The Yellow Sheet," which asks such irreverent questions as: "If it's all right to have a Hootenanny Mass for beatniks, couldn't we have regular Latin Masses for Catholics?"

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AT ALL.

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(insures)

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Floor shown, Cambrian Vinyl Corlon 80003. Cambrian and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

Armstrong quietly introduces the new vinyl floor with cushioned comfort

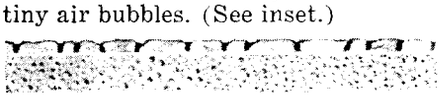
(It's Armstrong Cambrian Vinyl Corlon. Remarkable!)

The comfortable man in our photograph is demonstrating one of the virtues of the new Armstrong Cambrian Corlon floor: It's thickly *cushioned*.

Cambrian Corlon is vinyl with a brand-new kind of foamed vinyl underneath. Exuberant stuff. The floor gently *gives* under your feet, then comes right back.

Cushions your walk

When you first walk on Cambrian Vinyl Corlon, you will walk with a new lightness in your step. Reason: Armstrong has invented a process which gives the vinyl base a special cellular form. It's honeycombed with tiny air bubbles. (See inset.)



Do not attempt to count the air bubbles in this view of the new Armstrong floor. There are nearly a million per square foot.

Takes a beating—doesn't show it

For all its light-footed comfort, this floor is as tough and durable as any floor Armstrong has ever made for your home. No need to worry about spike heel dents in a Cambrian floor. Its vinyl cushion gives under your heel—then comes right back.

Smothers noise

Another virtue of this interesting floor is its ability to smother the noise of footsteps and the scuffle of children at play. A blessing for people seeking peace in the same room or the room downstairs. (In a comparison test with an ordinary vinyl floor, Cambrian reduced the noise of footsteps about fifty percent in the room downstairs.)

Beautiful design

New Cambrian Vinyl Corlon has a warm, dappled design that looks just right in all your active rooms: family room, children's rooms, entrance hall, or wherever. You can choose from blue, green, teak, or five quieter shades that live on good terms with any decor.

Sealed seams for easy care

This floor comes in six-foot-wide rolls that install with *scarcely a seam*. So there's hardly a place for dirt to hide. And where there is a seam, it's *sealed* by the installer so that it's hardly noticeable and completely waterproof.

Armstrong Cambrian Vinyl Corlon is designed for active areas like this: a family room. This is Cambrian style 80000.

Cambrian can be installed anywhere in your home—even in most basement rooms, directly over the concrete, which is where its softness and warmth are a special blessing.

Another bonus: Besides *looking* warm, the floor *is* warm underfoot. The air bubbles *insulate*, and the vinyl surface stays at room temperature.

Guaranteed by Armstrong

Armstrong gives you a written guarantee with your purchase of Cambrian Vinyl Corlon that covers both the material and the installation, if carried out by an approved Armstrong retailer. Ask your retailer for details.

FREE SAMPLE

For your free sample and a list of Cambrian retailers, write or clip coupon. You'll not be disappointed, and that's a promise. We'll also send a 24-page color booklet of decorating ideas for the active rooms of your home.

To: Armstrong, 6606 Weston Rd., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Please send me a free sample of Cambrian Vinyl Corlon and 24-page decorating booklet.

Name_____

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VINYL FLOORS BY Armstrong

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